WRESTLING WORLD

60¢

August 1968 MAC

Fantastic Bonus: 6 Big Color Photos Inside

SPECIAL: Wrestling World Fan Club Contest P.40

The Sheik vs. Bull Curry: Detroit's Bloodiest Brawl

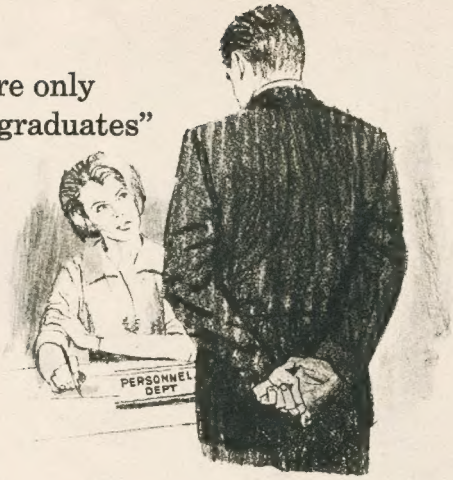
DOM DeNUCCI: Daydream Superman

VON RASCHKE: Baron In Search Of Revenge

JOHNNY VALENTINE: Did He Go Berserk?

World Champ Bruno Sammartino is set to enjoy spaghetti as twirled by Broadway star Jill Haworth in Leone's. "It beats twirling opponents," commented Bruno.

"Sorry, we hire only high school graduates"



NOW YOU CAN FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME

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DON'T be held back from bigger pay and more opportunity just because you don't have a high school diploma. You can now finish high school at home—during your spare hours—without loss of a single day from your present job.

The Wayne High School Program makes home study easy and interesting. You receive individual assignments from experienced instructors who are directly concerned with your progress. You are a class of one—you take everything at your own pace, so you are neither hurried nor slowed down. And in addition to basic high school subjects which qualify you for a diploma, you have a choice of practical vocational subjects which help you get started in one of many profitable fields. Wayne's flexible study plan permits you to shape your program so that it exactly fits your personal needs.

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If you are 17 or older and not now in school, send for the free illustrated booklet "How to Finish High School at Home." It contains important and surprising facts about the earnings and success opportunities of high school graduates. It will also give you full details of the Wayne High School Program and the courses it offers you. Mail the coupon now to Wayne, 417 South Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

WAYNE SCHOOL
Dept. **79-503**, 417 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60605

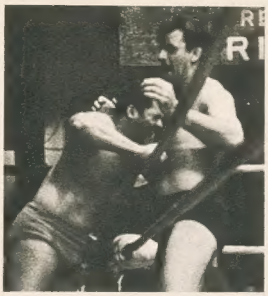
Please send me your free illustrated booklet "How to Finish High School at Home" which contains full information about high school study and opportunities for high school graduates.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....County.....

City & State.....Zip No.....

608



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WRESTLING WORLD

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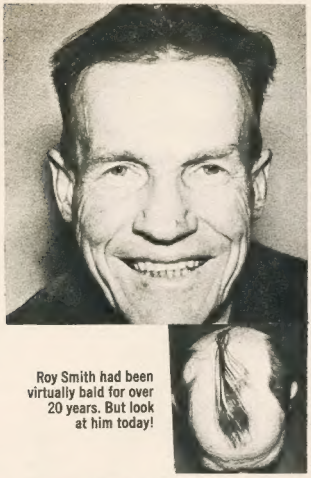
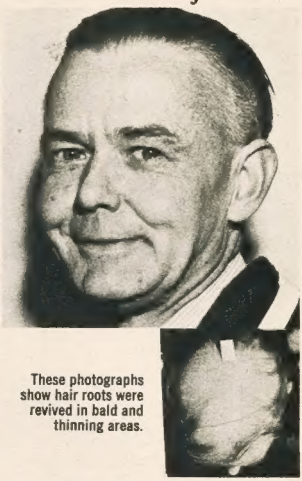
THEY LAUGHED when we had our photos taken "before"



Roy Smith had been virtually bald for over 20 years. But look at him today!

New hope for baldness? This man will emphatically say Yes! You can see why.



These photographs show hair roots were revived in bald and thinning areas.

But We Laughed Last *when we did grow*
NEW HAIR ON OUR BALD HEADS

"A lot of my friends laughed when I told them I was going to try to grow new hair where I had been bald for over 20 years, but...

See the New Hair on My Head!

If you are bald or losing hair you, too, can take new hope for hair regrowth. It has proved that, even though you may be bald, the hair roots may still be alive, as they were in my case. They may produce new hairs after use of the Brandenfels Home System of Applications and Massage. While results vary, as with any remedy, here is a real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial portion of cases."

23,467 reports of 1 to 4 benefits

From every state in the Union and from over 80 foreign countries have come 23,467 letters and reports (CPA audit) telling of one or more of these benefits, obtained at home with the Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications, and the unique dilative massage method:

- ✓ **Renewed Hair Growth**
- ✓ **Relief from Dandruff Scale**
- ✓ **Less Excessive Hair Fall**
- ✓ **Improved Scalp Conditions**

The Brandenfels Applications and Massage — used at home without expensive office calls — are designed to bring about a healthier condition of the scalp area, to soften the scalp, and to increase the blood supply. The result in many cases is a condition that helps nature allow hair to grow again.

The Brandenfels Scalp Applications and Massage have been nationally advertised for 13 years. Only bona fide *unretouched* "before" and "after" pictures are shown.

You can take hope if you are bald or losing hair

Right in the privacy of your own home you may be able to regain your hair as many have already done. *Your* hair roots may still be alive, needing only a proper stimulation to begin producing again. Try the Brandenfels Formulas. No embarrassment. You use them almost like a hair dressing, with special massage method.

"I was steadily losing my hair until I began using the Brandenfels Home Plan at my wife's urging."

Read how regrowth was possible

Carl Brandenfels' remarkable research, and the experience of users like that pictured above, demonstrate that hair roots (follicles) may be alive, even on totally bald people. No longer must you believe that hair roots are dead just because no hair grows from them.

Drawings Explain Miracle of Hair Regrowth

1. These drawings show what happens when hair successfully regrows while using Brandenfels Applications. This is an unproductive hair follicle, or root. It is blunted and the opening plugged with a seboceous gum and scaly skin, the doctors diagnosed.

2. During use of the Brandenfels Applications and Massage, an improved condition of the follicle was noticed. The follicle is less distorted, the scaly skin layer is disappearing and there is actually regrowth of a tiny hair in the follicle.

3. Now the follicle is producing hair. These sketches were made from actual biopsies on a test group of people who volunteered to participate in this, the world's first subdermal research project, conducted by medical doctors and technicians.

If your hair roots are alive there may be a possibility of getting them into production again. You'll never know unless you try.

So — if you are losing your hair or have already become bald, send today for a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Applications, with directions for the special massage method.

Brandenfels Formulas and Massage have been nationally advertised for 13 years. While results vary from individual to individual (as with any remedy) because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, here is a real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial number of cases.

Nothing Like Them in the World!

Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications cannot be compared with anything else you have ever used, heard about, or read about. You owe it to yourself to give this revolutionary development in scalp and hair care a trial. There are users in every state, in Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and in more than 80 countries in the free-world.

Go Ahead! **MAIL YOUR ORDER! YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID!**

ARG78

CARL BRANDENFELS, Scappoose, Oregon 97056

Please send me — in plain wrapper — a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

☐ I enclose $18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship ppd.

☐ I enclose $20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO or U.S.A.)

☐ C.O.D. — I agree to pay postman the $18.00 plus postal charges.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid. C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postal regulations).

REMEMBER: Dramatic hair growth reported in thousands of cases

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

YIPES! Professor Taro Tanaka yelps as foe neatly twists his ears.

Don't Be Half A Man!

Let Me SHOW How I Can Make You a REAL HE MAN from Head to Toe—In Just 15 Minutes a Day!

ARE YOU:

- Skinny and Run Down?
- Always Tired?
- Nervous?
- Shy and Lacking In Confidence?
- Overweight and Short of Breath?
- Lacking in Vim and Vigor?
- Fat or Flabby?
- Slow at Sports?
- Do You Want to Gain Weight?
- Tired of being bullied?
- Ashamed of your Half-Man Build?

NOBODY would ever call an Atlas Champion "Half A Man" They wouldn't dare. And nobody has to settle for "Second Best" . . . . be "pushed around" by huskier fellows . . . or go through life feeling HALF-ALIVE. CHARLES ATLAS, himself, tells you what you can do about it — and FAST — right on this page!

Take a good honest look at yourself! Are you proud of your body or are you satisfied to go through life being just "half the man" you could be?

NO MATTER how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be—how old or young you are—you have the DORMANT muscle power in your God-given body to be a real HE-MAN. Believe me, I know because I was once a 97-pound HALF-ALIVE weakling. People laughed at my build . . . I was ashamed to strip for sports . . . shy of girls . . . afraid of competition.

Then I discovered the secret that changed me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." The secret I have shared with thousands of other fellows to turn them into marvelous physical specimens — REAL HE-MEN from head to toe!

My Secret Builds Muscles FAST!

My Secret is *"Dynamic-Tension."* It's the NATURAL easy method you can practice right in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY —while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles swell so big they almost split your coat seams . . . you get sledge hammer fists, a battering ram punch . . . ridges of solid stomach muscle . . . mighty legs that never tire!

NO theory. No gadgets or contraptions. When you develop your strength through *"Dynamic-Tension,"* you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply use the SLEEPING muscle-power in your own body almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, even while sitting! Watch it increase, and multiply until you're covered with a brand-new suit of beautiful SOLID MUSCLE. You're a REAL HE-MAN!

Charles Atlas

Holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

TROPHY GIVEN AWAY

Be the envy of friends! Win this strikingly handsome "Atlas Champions" trophy, over 1½ ft. high! All pupils eligible.

Here Are Just a Few of the Men I've Turned into Atlas Champions!

Five Inches of New Muscles
"That is what you have done for me—and in almost no time."
—C. W., W. Va.

Proud of His Build Now
Gained 20 pounds. "My upper trunk is now in proportion to the rest of my body. I'm proud of my body, thanks to you."—P. V., Va.

"New Health and Strength"
"I feel like a lion. I can easily lift 185 pounds. You gave me new health, strength, and a perfect build."
—W. D., N. Y.

Make Wonderful Progress
"I am sending you this snapshot, showing my wonderful progress."
—W. G., New Jersey

FREE My 32-Page Illustrated Book is Yours— Not for $1.00 or 10¢—But FREE

Send NOW for my famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make you a new man. 32 pages packed from cover to cover with actual photographs, valuable advice, answers many vital questions. This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your life! Rush the coupon to: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 124G, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y., N. Y. 10010.** *In U. K.: ATLAS, Chitty St., London W. 1*

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 124G
115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y. 10010
In U.K.: ATLAS, Chitty St., London W. 1

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the Kind of Body I want:
(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest, Shoulders
- ☐ Powerful Arms, Legs, Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist, Hips
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how *"Dynamic-Tension"* can make me a new man — 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. No obligation.

NAME.....AGE.....
(Please print or write plainly)
ADDRESS.....
CITY & STATE..... ZIP Code.....

letters to the editor

BLOOD AND THUNDER

I don't think that you write all the wrestling news. Like in November in San Francisco, promoter Roy Shires brought together 18 of the best wrestlers in the world for the first 18-man battle royal in wrestling history. I think that Wrestling World is a great magazine, but it should write about some of the real bloody bouts we have here!!

Michael Lucier
San Francisco, California

ED: WW has covered the gory—story in past issues.

SEXTON'S ON COURSE

I have been reading your magazine for a few months now and I think it is GREAT. But I think you should have a story on a fine young wrestler named Ricky Sexton. He has beaten top graplers Smasher Sloan and Arnie Skaaland.

Thomas Hansen
Flushing N.Y.

ED: Sexton appeared in the WW pin-up section.

A CHALLENGE FOR STEVENS

I haven't read WW for about a year and a half, but when I saw an article on Ray Stevens listed on the cover, I just had to read it. After reading the article, I was completely disgusted. If Stevens thinks he can go around knocking the Puerto Ricans and the Italians, he has another thing coming. I have lost my respect for him and I canceled my membership to his fan club. I hope you publish my letter so he can read this. If he wants to challenge me I'm ready for him.

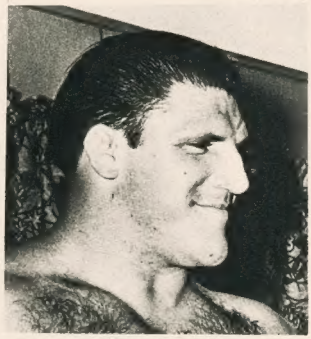
Ray Stevens

Peter Baez
Long Island City, N.Y.

ED: Stevens' racial sentiments may not be agreeable to most people, but taking him on yourself is not the wisest decision to make, either.

RIDICULOUS

In your February issue of WRESTLING WORLD there was a letter written by a George Bangert. I think he is absolutely ridiculous!! When he said that Bruno Sammartino was being ungentlemenlike in saying that he could cripple Cassuis Clay, well I think with all the arguing over who is better-wrestlers or boxers-he has a right to protect himself. If the two were to fight, Bruno would kill Ali!!!!


Bruno Sammartino

Henry Sobo
B'klyn, N.Y.

ED: It's interesting that a number of boxing fans feel that the opposite would happen.

EXCELLENT

I am writing to commend you on your excellent articles on Verne Gagne, Dick the Bruiser, and Wilbur Snyder. They were exactly the kind of articles I have been waiting for Wrestling World to have for a long time. I know that any one of these wrestlers could whip Bruno Sammartino anytime and anywhere!

Robert Fox
Chicago, Ill.

ED: WW won't venture an opinion on your latter point, but we agree with you on the former.

BLASSIE'S BACK

First I would like to say you have a fine wrestling magazine. In the Los Angeles area we have some of the greatest wrestlers in the country. Your stories on Mark Lewin and Bobo Brazil were just great. I would like you to also write a storie about Freddie Blassie. He may use unorthodox ring tactics, but since his comeback he has been racking up victory after victory. Thank you for your attention.

Fred Blassie

Gary Wilhelm
Los Angeles, California

ED: Freddie's comback was chronicled in last month's WW.

BEST IN SHOW

I have been a wrestling fan for one year and I have only one question in mind. So many people tell me that wrestling is a fake and that wrestlers are only actors. Please clear this question up. Are wrestlers only actors putting on a show?

Tommy Kizer
Rt. 2 Box 1624
Lutz, Florida

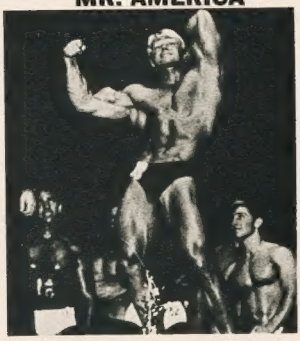
ED: Wrestlers are putting on a show, all right; a realistic show of strength and speed.

WHAT DO THESE CHAMPIONS HAVE IN COMMON...WITH YOU?

MR. OLYMPIA

LARRY SCOTT, "Mr. Olympia" was a 136-lb. skinny weakling. He wrote for my **free "Dial-A-Body" wheel** and information — **just as you should** — and now weighs 205 lbs. with 20-inch arms! One of the world's best-built men ever! **How about you?**

MR. AMERICA



DAVE DRAPER, "Mr. America" once was a fat boy — weighing 255 lbs. Then he sent for my **free "Dial-A-Body" wheel** and information — now he weighs 235 lbs. with 20½" arms, a 55" chest, 32" waist. A real champ! **Why wait? Rush!**

MR. UNIVERSE

REG LEWIS, "Mr. Universe" was kicked around because of being skinny . . . only 138 lbs. and weak. But he sent for my **free "Dial-A-Body"** and information, too—now he weighs 205 lbs. and is a real champ! **Why not you?**

THEY ANSWERED A WEIDER AD...AND IN 7 SHORT WEEKS ADDED 3" TO THEIR ARMS—4" TO THEIR CHESTS WITH THE AMAZING "DIAL-A-BODY"!

JOE WEIDER
Personal trainer of "Mr. America" "Mr. Universe" "Mr. Canada" perfect men title winners since 1936 — and over 2,000,000 successful pupils the world over!

You, too—just like these champions—can now use the New, Exclusive patented "Mr. America DIAL-A-BODY" wheel to show you the way to a handsome, muscular body—FAST! A quick turn of the dial and "DIAL-A-BODY" shows you how to instantly slap 4 inches to your chest, 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, muscularize your waist, get speedy legs. It's simple, there's nothing complicated—just downright enjoyable!

I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest or funniest body—whether you're short or tall, young or not-so-young. If you send for my absolutely free, revolutionary "DIAL-A-BODY" and 32-page book of muscle-building information, I guarantee that virtually overnight you'll experience a muscle-building miracle! Before your eyes you'll see handsome muscles bursting out all over you. They'll ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let my "DIAL-A-BODY" help you as it did these champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for my FREE "Mr. America DIAL-A-BODY" and big FREE 32-page book—you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

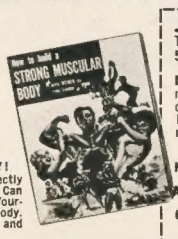
A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength — make your first He-Man Decision NOW! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I'll send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle-building information I sent to these numerous champions and to over 5-million other successful students . . . PLUS my fabulous "DIAL-A-BODY" wheel to help speed your muscle-building results. I'm known as the most successful trainer of champions. I've been turning weaklings into "Mr. Americas" and "Mr. Universes" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime offer to trade in your body for the one you've always dreamed of having. Remember, you'll be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Built Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now! Send for my sensational FREE "DIAL-A-BODY" and book offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, result-producing course of all time!

FREE!... 2 MUSCLE BUILDING GIFTS!

Makes Building Your Body—Using the champs secrets—revealed here for the first time—AS EASY AS DIALING YOUR PHONE!

Gift 1
DIAL-A-BODY WHEEL!
One Turn On This Wheel Shows You How To Build Bigger Arms, Deeper Chest, Broader Shoulders! Makes Muscle Building FUN!

Gift 2
How to build a STRONG MUSCULAR BODY!
Here The Champs Talk Directly To You, On How You, Too, Can Use Their Secrets to Build Yourself A Strong Muscular Body. 32 Pages Full Of Photos and Muscle Building Tips!



JOE WEIDER, Dept. 154-78DB
Trainer of Champions since 1936
531-32nd Street, Union City, N. J. 07087

Dear Joe: Shoot The Works! Thanks for making available to me FREE your 2 Exclusive and Patented Secret Gifts—That I can Use Instantly At Home To Build Myself A Handsome Rugged Body! I am enclosing only 25¢ to cover handling and mailing charges! I am under no further obligation in any way.

Name..... Age.....
Address.....
City..... State..... Zip.....
(Please Print Clearly)

THIS IS AN OUTRIGHT GIFT...YOU'RE UNDER NO OBLIGATION...NOTHING TO BUY!

As a boy on a small farm in Italy, Domenic DeNucci dreamt of gaining fame, fortune and females. He's achieved all three by knocking off behemoths in the wrestling ring, and by obliging a huge fan following. From Australia to Boston, the name DeNucci now means wrestling action and overflow crowds. And, with this dream fulfilled, the popular* paisano *has his eyes on the world's championship.

When Domenico De Nucci was a teen ager he dreamt about being rich and famous. Not that he grew up poor. His father, Domenico, Sr., owned a large farm near Fraslonie in northern Italy with figs, dates, and grapes its chief cash crops.

"We had a nice house, big and airy; a fine garden, a telephone, an automobile, electricity, and hot and cold running water," Domenico explained years later. "In the United States these things are taken for granted by nearly everyone, regardless of his station in life, or where he happens to live. Not in Italy. In the cities, yes, if you have the right job. But, in the countryside it depends on who you are, where you are, and what you've been able to do about it."

Dom De Nucci: Daydream Superman

by Ernie Salvatore

On this basis the De Nuccis lived well. The family of nine—there were four sons and three daughters—was robust, closely-knit, and happy. It wanted for few things in Italian life.

"But, that was the trouble," Domenico continued, staring down at his huge hands. "I knew we were well off, and yet I was unhappy. 'Is this the best I can expect?' I used to ask myself. 'Up at dawn, in the fields all day, in bed at dusk?' We only had Sundays and feast days to enjoy a few of the good time frills of life. So, I kept asking myself, 'Is this my lot until they put me in my grave?'"

Young Domenico wanted to find a way out. But, he didn't know how, when, or with what. And, he was determined not to tell his father.

"He was and still is a good man," Domenico said. "He worked hard for his family. He made sacrifices for us. I owe him everything that I have become. He taught me honesty and decency. From my mother I was taught love and devotion. I feared they would be broken-hearted if they knew I was unhappy over the prospect of spending the rest of my days on the family farm."

So, Domenico dreamed about far off places—Rome, London, Paris, even New York, Los Angeles and the other great cities of the United States. He dreamed of closets full of clothes, sleek, fiery red cars; of smart apartments, elegant women, and banks filled with his cash.

Then, the little dream would burst like a balloon. Shrugging, Domenico would return to work in the fields. This he had to coordinate with his schoolwork, and it meant long, hard, busy days. But, no matter how long or busy, there was always the daydream of fame and fortune to soothe his soul.

"I used to practice signing my autograph," he confessed with a smile. "I used to sign it over and over again. After all, I reasoned, if one is famous one must be prepared to do as the famous do. And, the famous sign their names for their fans."

Then, young Domenico would carefully destroy the autographs, square his rapidly broadening shoulders, and return to the world of reality. Like his father and brothers Domenico was growing into a tall, beautifully muscled man.

The elder De Nucci was tall, ramrod straight, with a handsome bronzed face and finely chiseled features. Domenico, the No. 4 child but the No. 2 son, was his replica.

"Signore De Nucci," the parish priest used to say, "young Domenico is your living and breathing picture."

And, young Domenico, hearing that, would smile when his father smiled, and he'd nod happily. But, inwardly he dreamed his favorite dream. And, it had nothing to do with farming. It was all about fame, fortune, and money.

DeNucci, at 260 pounds, is big enough to take the battering all the great ones take.

Dom has learned all the tricks like pacing himself, sizing up a foe—and twisting heads.

DeNucci: "I always dreamed of fame and glory, and listening to the roar of the crowd."

Dom's style is nothing short of spectacular. Here, he uses airplane spin to ground foe.

Today, 20 years later, Domenico De Nucci has fulfilled the dream. As Dom De Nucci he's one of the most idolized wrestlers in the world. His fans form almost a cult. No matter where he goes along wrestling's highways he finds worshipping admirers of both sexes who'll riot, if need be, just to reach out to touch him, or, to pull off a piece of his jacket, steal his hat, or chase him right into the rest rooms of restaurants.

"I never thought it would be like this," he admitted. "I never thought I would fear for my own life, despair for my own privacy. I love my people as they love me. But, there are times when I wish I was back on the farm lying in bed under those immense homemade blankets my mother used to make, and listening for the first cock to crow."

It is New York. It is winter, and this is the last professional wrestling show in the old Madison Square Garden. Dom De Nucci, 6-3 and 260 pounds of physical dynamite, charges through the dressing room door. He's breathing heavily, and looks slightly disheveled. He throws down his suitcase, slips out of a tailored overcoat, and sits on a backless bench.

"I didn't think I'd make it," he said.

He had just run a gauntlet of several hundred fans in the Garden lobby. Someone spotted him, and the chase was on.

"Deee Nucccciii!"

"It's this way everywhere," Dom said.

In Australia, bulging with several hundred thousand new Italian immigrants De Nucci drew so much fan mail promoter Jim Barnett had to hire a special secretary to handle it. In one week along Dom Received 3,447 letters! The special secretary was nearly drowned in envelopes.

"Jeem (De Nucci for Jim), he paid $50 a week for the secretary," Dom smiled. "I'm not so sure he didn't get a bargain. That poor secretary was still answering letters when I left—and, I was still signing them. I answer many myself, of course, especially when the writer touches me inside. I also helped to compose the regular answer so it would sound more real."

Not only did De Nucci test the Australian postal service to its limits during his first Down Under tour, he was also a boon to haberdashers who were equally hard pressed keeping him supplied with clothes. He lost a half dozen suits that were literally yanked from his back. One $200 ensemble was victimized in Melbourne following a Saturday night De Nucci main event appearance.

"I wore it just twice," he said sadly. "I put it on for the very first time when I dressed to go to the arena. I took it off to get into my ring rear. I put it on right after the match, which I won. When I got through the crowd that was waiting for me outside all I had left when I got into a car was my pants, half a shirt, and my shoes

(continued on page 64)

The Sheik is bloody, and the Bull is mad. Match was one of the goriest in the annals of Motor City wrestling—both fans and wrestlers agree.

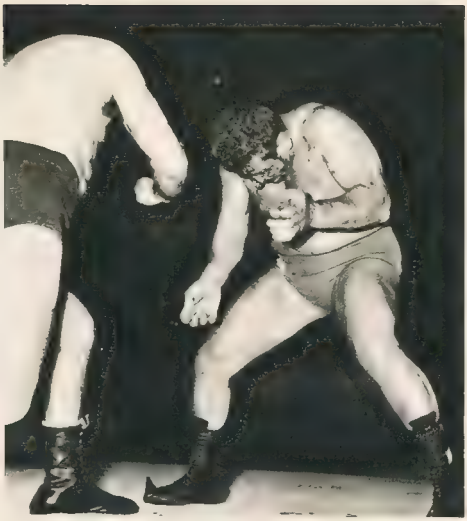
Referee Mark Lewin instructs Bull to back off Sheik.

THE SHEIK vs BULL CURRY DETROIT'S BLOODIEST BRAWL

Mark Lewin once thought refereeing would be easy, but he changed his mind after he volunteered for the Bull Curry-Sheik in Detroit. The encounter, for the Sheik's U.S. Championship belt, involved Lewin a bit more than he would have imagined—much to his chagrin.

(Photos By Angelo Arella)

Curry carried the match to the Sheik in the early stages.



Bull batters Sheik with a well-aimed fore-arm. The Sheik staggers.

Fans thought the Bull was ready for the kill. Curry, with the Sheik's championship belt dancing in his mind, presses on.

The Sheik, in desperation, trips up Curry as the latter was ready for the pin.

After Curry called Lewin's attention to the Sheik's "unfair" tactics, and Lewin maintained that all was "above board," the Bull turned against Lewin.

Curry, after clubbing Lewin, retreated to the dressing room. Mark, as bloodied now as were the contestants, pursues Curry.

The result of reffing a Sheik-Curry match: a gash on the forehead, and blood in your eyes.

Wrestlers who've been mauled unmercifully by big bad John swear he is; fans and promoters have varying opinions about the 240 pound wrestler, whose "Brain Buster" is one of the most spectacular—and dangerous—of wrestling maneuvers. One thing is certain, though: Johnny Valentine is a colorful, talented performer, who may just be the next champ.

by Jerry Prater

While it might seem rather presumptuous to raise the question of a man's sanity in a sports magazine, there is an apparent need to shed some light on the matter of Johnny Valentine's frequently irrational behavior.

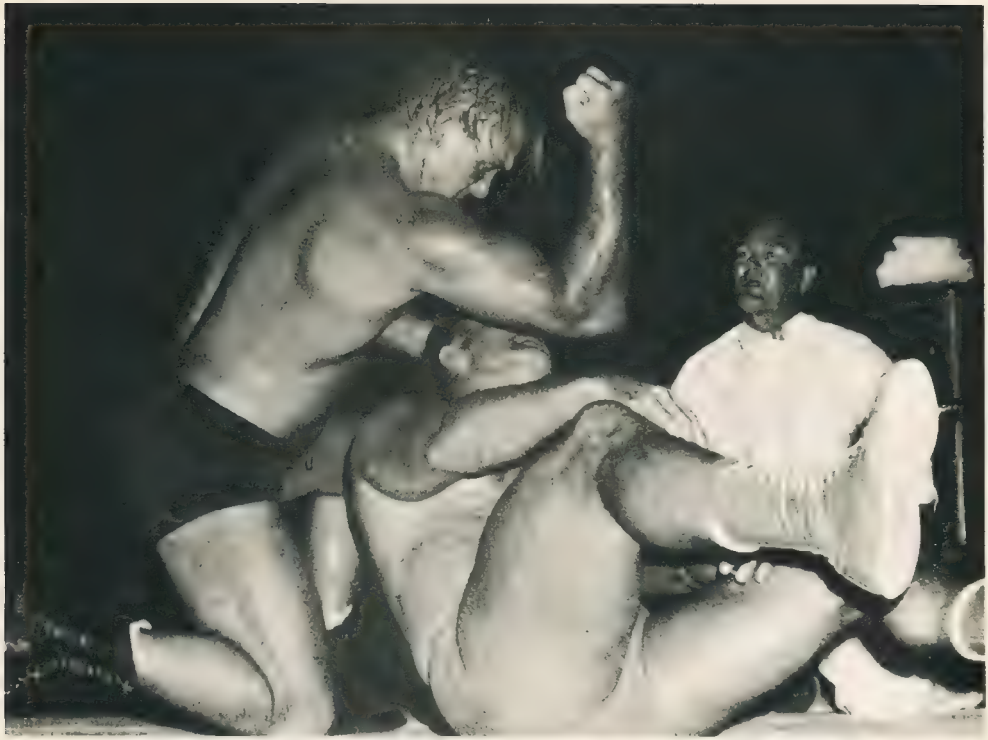
A psychiatrist could, of course, make a more valid analysis, but Mr. Valentine won't visit one. "I'm not going to let some head-shrinker pick my brain!" was John's reaction to the suggestion that he seek professional help.

Actually, the question of Johnny Valentine's sanity has already been raised—in spades! Like him or not, Valentine's behavior is always unpredictable and it frequently borders on the psychotic.

HAS JOHNNY VALENTINE GONE BERSERK?

A few issues back, Valentine presumed to defend his favorite "hold," the "brain-buster." In employing this maneuver, John exerts the full force of his 240 pounds in bringing the point of his elbow into abrupt contact with the base of an opponent's skull. In a slight variation of this move, the elbow is slammed into an opponent's throat! The result is always devestating.

To defend such behavior would naturally make a man's motives suspect. After all, anyone with Valentine's obvious wrestling skill hardly needs to employ such tactics in order to stay in the winner's circle. To utilize such methods in retaliation for foul play on an opponent's part might be excusable, but to use an elbow smash to the



Valentine drops in with his patented "Brain Buster," one of the most brutal of all wrestling maneuvers.

base of the skull or to the throat of an already-beaten foe gives one cause to wonder if the man is some sort of sadist.

"I was beaten," admits one grappler who fell victim to Valentine's brain-buster; "he could have pinned me anytime he wanted to. He had worn me down with as skillfully-applied a series of holds as I've ever been up against. He was rough, but he stayed within the limits of the rule book, so I can't say that I was cheated out of a win.

"I was down and the referee was counting. I couldn't get up. Then, suddenly, Valentine grabbed my hair and jerked my shoulders off the mat. I hardly knew what was happening, but the referee made John break because he'd pulled my hair.

"Just as I was struggling to my feet, the elbow hit me, then everything went black. They tell me he used it again and again, finally pinned me only to avoid being disqualified."

These words came, not from the lips of Johnny Valentine's worst enemy, but from a man he'd never wrestled before—a man he didn't even know. It was a routine match, no challenge had been issued, no championship was at stake. A decisive victory and any subsequent prestige would have been Valentine's without the virtual devestation of his opponent.

So, why did he do it?

"A match is not over until the referee raises one of the contestant's hands," Valentine offered, by way of explanation. "Until the final bell rings and the house lights go on, it is me against him. There can be no compassion—no quarter asked or given—until one of us is declared the winner.

"You notice," John added, "that I did not abuse my opponent *after* my hand was raised in victory. This is the difference between a tough competitor and a bully. Wrestling is no sport for the faint of heart; let those who covet a gentleman's game play golf!"

While Valentine's answer obviously did not satisfy the question, it did raise an interesting point. Obviously, Johnny Valentine is not always as confident of victory as he seems. Perhaps he never is. Could it be that he wrestles in constant fear of a last-ditch effort by a battered opponent?

"Fear?" Valentine demanded. "I do not know the meaning of the word. Fear is an emotion which I observe in my opponents. I have never experienced fear, I have only seen it on the faces of those against whom I wrestle. Fear is a *weapon*. Johnny Valentine does not fall victim to fear, I *inspire* it!"

Indeed, Johnny Valentine does inspire fear in the hearts of many who oppose him in the ring. His towering, six foot, four inch frame; his massive shoulders and those wild, hate-filled eyes—these are the things which give many of Valentine's opponents second thoughts about the wisdom of signing to meet this man.

But there are also those who do not fear Johnny Valentine. Men who have done battle with vicious, unyielding combatants such as Gene Kiniski or Dick The Bruiser do not shrink from the task of meeting still another of wrestling's roughest. Valentine does not annihilate such men, as he does lesser opponents.

"I'll drive a thousand miles through the worst weather imaginable for the chance to wrestle Johnny Valentine," says Joe "The Rebel" Scarpa, a top-flight competitor who has seen action all over the United States. "I'd rather pass up a championship match with Gene Kiniski than miss an opportunity to square off against

Foe staggers as he catches Valentine's elbow on the ear. "He's got to be an out-and-out sadist to use that thing," says an opponent.

that madman!" Joe adds.

Red Bastien is another who has no fear of Johnny Valentine.

"The day I back down from a match with Valentine is the day I'll quit wrestling!" says Red, and anyone who knows this sensational competitor is aware that he's anything but ready to retire.

When he can, Johnny Valentine intimidates his opponents. He virtually crushes those who are unable to withstand his fierce attacks. But, when faced with a foe against whom such tactic are ineffective, Valentine becomes the superb strategist. He wrestles, not only to throw his opponent off guard, but to discover weaknesses which, he hopes, will eventually enable him to "take over."

Johnny Valentine delights in boasting the success of his scientific methods.

"To outwrestle an opponent is to inspire fear in the man," John insists, "and, as I have said, fear is my greatest weapon. When a man senses that he is being outwrestled—thwarted at every move—he becomes desperate. A desperate man does not think, he only acts. Often, he resorts to desperation measures which leave him wide open for any of several means I have of ending the match in my favor. It delights me when an opponent whom I have outwrestled begins throwing punches, for I know that he has already done his best and seen that it was not good enough. When this happens, I merely permit the man to continue making mistakes, never giving him the opportunity to regain his composure."

Johnny Valentine's will to win would seem to be dominated by a determination to destroy—to degrade his every opponent. Fiercely competitive though he is, victory is seldom enough to satisfy Valentine. Important as winning is to this man, he seeks something more, and therefore goes a step beyond winning whenever he can.

Wrestlers often compete several times a week, and a single match is not always enough to establish which of two men is the better. For this reason, two wrestlers who are comparatively equal in ability may square off on several occasions before either is able to establish his superiority.

(continued on page 66)

Jose Lothario gets even, sending Valentine reeling

wrestling's real EL MEDICO

A few years ago, a wrestler called "El Medico" was ripping his fellow grapplers apart. Another medic—an ordinary hospital-patient man —now specializes in keeping wrestlers together. He's Eddie Campbell, M.D., who moonlights as the New York State Athletic Commission top medical man.

by Ernie Salvatore

The wrestler hurtled through the ropes and landed head first on the arena's concrete floor. He lay there motionless, head down, blood trickling out of his mouth and from wounds in his scalp. At impact there had been a sickening thud. But, the roaring crowd didn't notice, at least most of it didn't. The majority only had eyes for the winner who was prancing around the ring, preening and flexing his muscles.

Not so the medium-sized man in the brown suit seated at a ringside table. Almost from the instant the wrestler's head caromed off the floor the man in the brown suit was at his side, little black bag opened, stethoscope in place, the cup probing gently over the silently heaving body.

Dr. Edwin A. Campbell, general surgeon by day, New York State Athletic Commission doctor by night, ordered a stretcher, and then an ambulance. His preliminary examination, made in milling, human confusion, indicated a possible skull fracture, plus possible internal injuries.

Under Dr. Campbell's supervision, the injured wrestler was taken on the stretcher to the dressing room where additional examinations took place until the ambulance arrived. At the hospital an electro-encephlogram was made to determine if there had been any brain damage. Other tests were also conducted. When Dr. Campbell sat down to write his report for the athletic commission about three hours later, that is from the time the wrestler first landed on the concrete floor, he recommended that the wrestler be placed on indefinite suspension. He could reapply for a license upon his recovery.

The report finished Dr. Campbell yawned, stretched, and looked at his watch. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning. And, he had an 8 o'clock call at the hospital. When he reached home a half-hour later and flopped into bed, exhausted, he had finally brought to an end another long day in the double life he had been leading for nine years.

"I don't mind it at all," the doctor said one night several months later. It was mid-January and he was "working" the last wrestling show to be held in the old Madison Square Garden. "In fact, I rather enjoy it. Both practices are fundamentally the same—the healing of the sick and the injured. The only difference is the atmosphere."

He gestured around the dressing room filled with wrestlers in various stages of dress. Arnica, rubbing alcohol, and cigar smoke combined to thicken the air with a strange, pungent odor.

"Things are much different back at my office and in the hospitals where I practice," he chuckled. "A little bit more antiseptic, shall we say? Still, we keep things remarkably clean in these surroundings, too."

Dr. Campbell speaks with an eastern accent. He wears glasses, and has a studious look about him. In a crowded room he'd be the last person who would associate with the hard world of professional wrestling. But, he is a very real part of it. A respected, much-liked, and extremely important part of it.

"Knowing this only helps make it that much more rewarding," Dr. Campbell said. "Professionally in an aesthetic way, not financially."

He was standing in front of a rubbing table. On it a behemoth wrestling type sat. He was one of the

stars on Vince McMahon's card, Dr. Campbell was taking his blood pressure as he spoke.

"This kind of a sideline has got to cost me money," he said. "But, it has other rewards. It gives me a chance to work with the kind of people who came from beginnings a great deal like mine."

Dr. Campbell's were in Philadelphia's south side.

"These are people who've mainly had to fight their ways to the top from our lower sociological strata," he pointed out. "They managed to make a place for themselves in our society through their physical skills. It's the same way in boxing. There the kids are trying to get out of the ghettos and into the mainstream of life. Through boxing, they seek an identity. They seek to become better men."

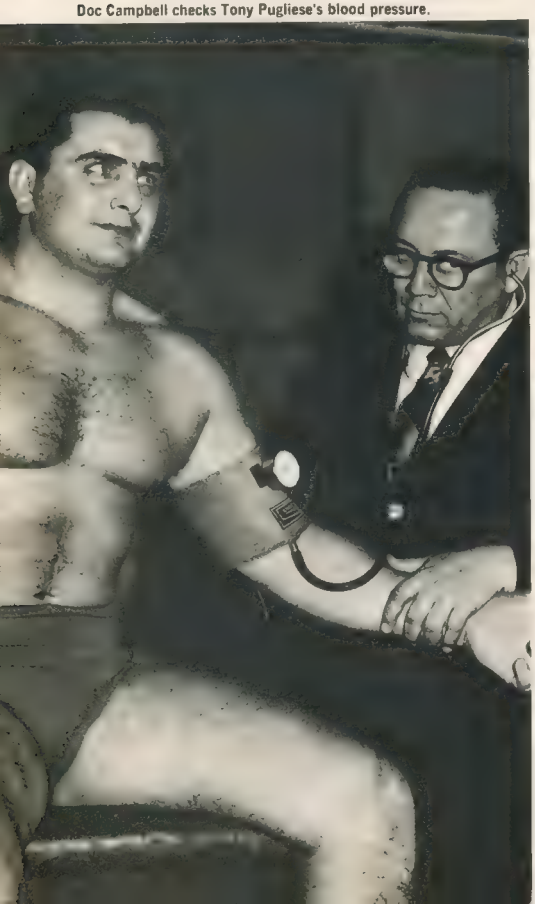
The wrestlers come under Dr. Campbell's control as soon as they arrive at the arena. He's the one who determines whether they're fit enough to work. He's the one who can order a match stopped if he finds one of the contestants physically unable

to continue. He's the one who ministers various nostrums and elixirs to the injured or wounded, the one who can order them to a hospital, or put them on suspension.

Surprisingly in this rough and tumble sport physical suspensions are rare. In fact, the doctor never ceases to be impressed by durability of the average wrestler. Their recuperative powers, in his opinion, are extraordinary because they are, really, extraordinary people living extraordinary lives. For example, the wrestler knocked unconscious on that concrete floor remained in the hospital for a very brief period. Within two weeks his physical suspension had been lifted, and he was merrily back at work banging heads with other opponents two, three, and even four times a week.

"And, that was the worst case of that nature I'd ever handled," the doctor said. "Wrestlers as a group have an unusual tolerance for injuries. It's uncanny the way they bounce back."

Doc Campbell checks Tony Pugliese's blood pressure.



One night Buddy Rogers dislocated his knee. Dr. Campbell reduced the dislocation in mid-ring while Rogers grimaced in pain, and the crowd hurled insults at both Buddy and the doctor.

"Let the bum suffer!" they howled.

"The knee was completely locked," the doctor recalled. And, it was exquisitely painful. That's the only way I can describe it. When I'd finished I told Rogers to forget about wrestling for at least three weeks while following certain recovery procedures. Buddy didn't say anything. He just looked at me like I was crazy."

Rogers did not forget about wrestling for three weeks. One week after his injury he passed a thorough physical examination and was back on the tour.

In Hempstead, L.I., on another night an unlucky grappler accidentally rammed his head against a rope turnbuckle. Since the buckles are made of metal, the wrestler suffered a severely gashed forehead. The most dangerous part of the laceration was just above his right eye. Dr. Campbell took one look at the long wound, got out his trusty needle, and used it to make 28-stitches. He still considers it his finest piece of ringside needlework.

" 'No wrestling for a month,' I told him," the doctor said. "And, do you know what? He was back at work the next night. It was in a different state which has a lot laxer supervision than we have in New York."

Back injuries are the fundamental occupational hazard for most wrestlers, far outdistancing such common ailments as colds, and headaches.

"Their bodies are so agile," he said. "Their muscular development is so superb. These are the factors enabling them to withstand injury, or repair injury much more easily than the unconditioned body. This is exemplified by their resistance to colds despite the natures of their lives.

"They're in a different town almost every night," he continued. "Quite often their dressing rooms are drafty. Some are little more than garages. They have to eat where the food is handiest. Not all cities are like New York with hundreds of first class restaurants to choose from. Yet, the wrestler survives. Most actually flourish physically."

From these observations, Dr. Campbell concluded many years ago that wrestlers are the best conditioned, heartiest athletes in the world.

"The injuries they do suffer are generally the same as those suffered in other contact sports," he said, "particularly football. Yet, unlike the football player, the wrestler doesn't require anywhere near the time to recover. I read where football players often miss an entire three or four month season with shoulder separations and bad ankles. I personally know wrestlers who've taken three month tours with both injuries still bothering them somewhat at the same time! And, wrestlers have no padded protective appliances either."

He shook his head in amazement.

"This is why it's really difficult for me to pinpoint certain unusual cases whenever I'm asked to," he

said. "The unusual in wrestling is really quite usual."

Dr. Campbell's first experience with athletics occurred in his days at Philadelphia's Central High School. He played football, basketball, and boxed. After graduating he boxed professionally for a brief period to earn college money. In 1952, at the age of 31, he finished his medical internship and started practice. Seven years later he joined the commission medical staff.

Today, at 47, he's still trim and youthful in appearance. He's married and the father of a grown son.

"I guess working with wrestlers keeps me young in heart," he quipped. "You know, these fellows are a handy bunch to have around in case of an emergency."

Like the night a spectator collapsed from excitement at Island Gardens on Long Island. Rushed to the dressing room, the man was found to be suffocating. Dr. Campbell immediately started mouth-to-mouth resustication. Then, he switched to artificial respiration.

An ambulance had been summoned, but hadn't arrived and the doctor began to weary.

The wrestlers in the dressing room who had been watching Dr. Campbell's efforts, volunteered to help. He showed them how to apply artificial respiration, i.e., external cardiac massage, and they started taking turns. Finally, after another 30 minutes had elapsed the ambulance arrived. The man was given emergency oxygen and rushed to the nearest hospital.

"He's alive and talking today because of the wrestlers," the doctor said. "They saved his life. Artificial respiration is very tiring on the arms if you're not used to physical work. The wrestlers' arms were in perfect condition. It was nothing for them to do a full 30 minute turn if necessary."

Here the doctor finished with his charge on the rubbing table.

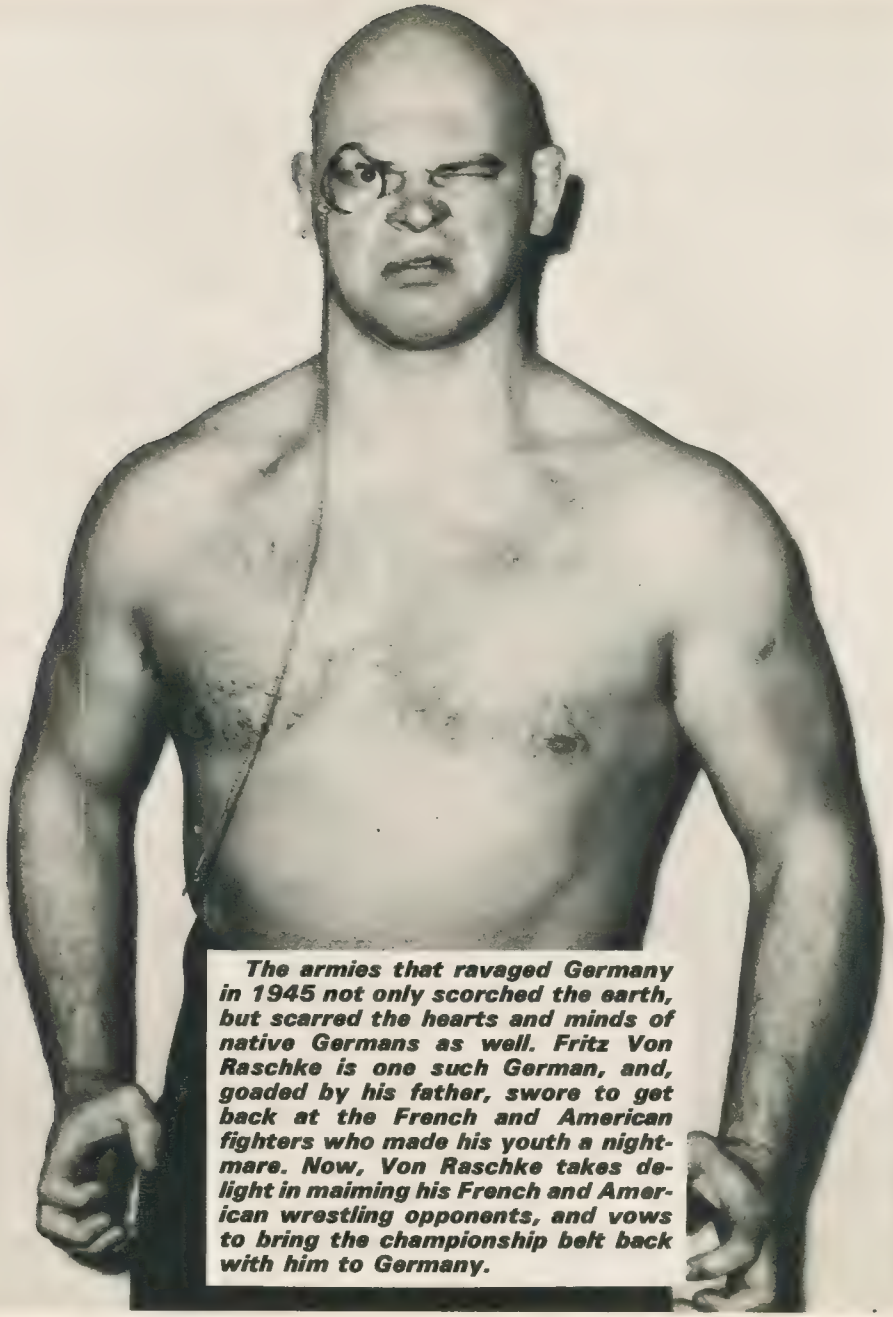
He was Bruno Sammartino.

"What a specimen he is!" the doctor said.

Bruno was the last one to be examined. Now, all Dr. Ed Campbell had to do was sit at ringside for another two or three hours. If he was lucky, he'd be home by midnight, time to catch Johnny Carson on TV and maybe enjoy a snack with his wife.

"It's my way of life," the doctor said. "I'd feel lost if it was different."

Campbell: "Wrestlers are truly amazing people. Their recuperative powers are amazing—cuts, strains and sprains are nothing to them.



The armies that ravaged Germany in 1945 not only scorched the earth, but scarred the hearts and minds of native Germans as well. Fritz Von Raschke is one such German, and, goaded by his father, swore to get back at the French and American fighters who made his youth a nightmare. Now, Von Raschke takes delight in maiming his French and American wrestling opponents, and vows to bring the championship belt back with him to Germany.

VON RASCHKE

BARON IN SEARCH OF REVENGE

By Lou Sahadi

The big, shaved head wrestler was something else. He was stalking in a private dressing room in Detroit's Cobo Hall, his hands on his hips and a frown on his face. He appeared visibly upset and the more frowned the deeper the furrows became on his forehead.

There wasn't any one thing that was upsetting Baron Fritz Von Raschke. He is basically an intense individual filled with so much emotion that at times borders on violence in the ring. He is proud and arrogant and has established himself as a one man crusade to restore the glory of Germany.

A great amount of the old Germany abounds in Von Raschke. He speaks in an authoritative voice with deep, guttoral sounds. Often when expounding on a

Von Raschke: "I hope to destroy all American wrestlers, and bring glory to Germany."

point, he becomes so excited his voice quivers. His face becomes a mass of contortions and he stomps his feet in anger.

Von Raschke had just finished making a point. He removed the monicle from his right eye and held it up to the light. Detecting a few smudge marks, he turned toward his locker and pulled out a clean handkerchief. His fingers moved quickly and when he had finished wiping the monicle, he inserted it firmly back into his eye.

Although he was rather plainly attired as far as wrestling garb is concerned, Von Raschke was an imposing figure. He wore a black cape with an inner red satin lining. On the left side of the cape was a white Iron Cross emblematic of the past Germany. A white cross was etched on each of his boots.

Von Raschke preferred long black tights instead of the popular trunks. This he feels is in the tradition of the German soldier and to him they represent power and authority. Because of his fanatical arrogance, he must be given a room by himself. He is an embittered individual and he prefers the solitude.

Much of Von Raschke's physche can be attributed to his childhood. Like most youngsters his age, he was a war victim and it has left an indelible mark on him.

"I vividly remember my youth," disclosed Von Raschke with a strong German accent. "I was small enough not to remember the actual fighting itself. Rather, I still recall the suffering and the pillage of war that came with the war's end. The victims weren't the soldiers, but the people in the cities and villages.

"We couldn't get enough food to eat. I remember walking through the ruins of my hometown of Karlsruh looking for food. At times we had to steal food so we could eat. If you ever got caught, however, you'd be in serious trouble.

"My father had been soldier. Before he went into the army, he was a wrestler and a very good one. However, when he came back from the war he suffered a physical disability and he couldn't wrestle any more. He kept telling me that when I grow up he was going to make me a champion wrestler. It was a burning desire for him to make me a wrestler."

Von Raschke was exposed to wrestling when he was quite young. By the time he was 16, he had earned a reputation of being an excellent prospect. He was a top ranking amateur for seven years before turning pro at 23, well schooled in the Greco-Roman technique.

The father's strong desire to see his son do what he couldn't, drove Von Raschke. Wrestling had become an obsession with him. It was as if his father were making him over into his image. He exerted tremendous influence over Fritz, and the youngster was strongly disciplined in age old Prussian traditions. He was imbedded with the will to win.

Von Raschke toured Europe when he became a professional. His father went right along with him, acting as his trainer and manager. Always he would remind Fritz that one day he would become the champion of the world. A Canadian promoter on vacation in Paris attended the wrestling matches one night and was impressed with Von Raschke. He offered the towering German a series of matches in Canada at a handsome figure of money.

"My father advised me to go," said Von Raschke. "He couldn't go with me and I had mixed emotions about leaving him. However, he explained to me that he taught me all he could and that the future was all up to me. He assured me that I learned all there was to know and that the only thing I could profit by was, experience. He felt that wrestling in Canada and the United States would be great ex-

Von Raschke: "The fans hate me because I am so superior to them . . . they are fat and stupid."

posure for me. So, we parted and I haven't seen him since."

A lot of wrestling fans have seen Von Raschke and all of them wished they hadn't. In his very first bout on the North American continent he incurred the wrath of the fans and marked himself as a terrible-tempered Teuton. He unmercifully beat Eddie Ouger in his Montreal debut.

It didn't take Von Raschke long to provoke the fans into a riot. In his very next match against the popular Johnny Rougeau, Von Raschke defeated the handsome Frenchman which wasn't enough to satisfy his drive. He repeatedly and viciously kicked Rougeau in the stomach and had to be pulled away by the referee and several other ring officials.

The fans exploded at Von Raschke's savage behavior and began to toss chairs and other debris into the ring. The beginning of a riot was very much in evidence. Von Raschke grabbed a chair and used it as a shield to escape from the ring. As the police were trying to clear the way for his departure, Von Raschke was swinging the chair to dissuade any one who wanted to approach him.

The wild throng was so enraged that they tore down a partition that led to the dressing rooms. Luckily, a special riot squad arrived on the scene to prevent any further damage and an hour later Von Raschke was escorted safely out of the arena.

"Those idiot fans started called me a dirty Nazi and that got me all the more madder," exclaimed Von Reschke. "I cracked a couple of them across the arm with the chair. That made them scatter.

"I have a special dislike for Frenchmen.

(continued on page 61)

Fish-eye view from camera catches Bruno Sammartino applying the coup-de-grace on foe Bull Ramos. Bruno won easily.

Newcomer Virgil Butcher cries out in pain as Sammartino twists his arm.

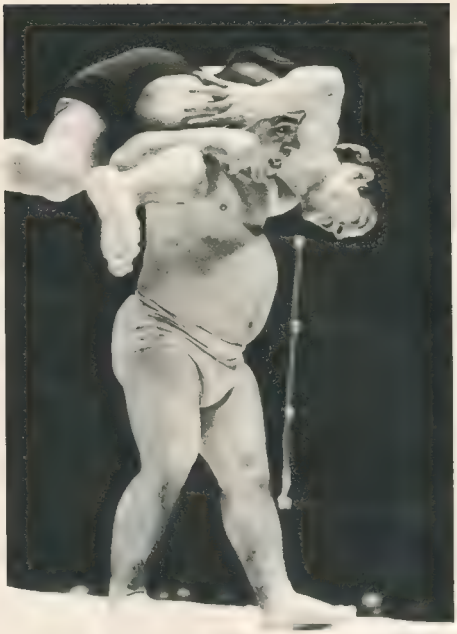
wrestling comes to the new madison square garden

A great troupe of wrestlers arrived to open the new Madison Square Garden in New York City a few months ago—World Champ Bruno Sammartino, plus Taro Tanaka, Dom DeNucci, Ed Carpentier and Vince McMahon's East Coast contingent. It was a gala occasion—capacity crowd, pre-match ceremonies, plus a horde of writers and photographers. It all goes to prove that nothing has changed: People simply like wrestling, in the new Garden or old.

Taro Tanaka, one of the more dis-liked grapplers to appear at the opening of the new Garden, gains a choke hold on opponent.

"Crazy Luke" represented the Graham clan at this one, as he battles Earl Maynard. Brothers Ed and Jerry were favorites at old MSG.

Tanaka makes like Budha as Vic Rivera holds him in scissors.



The midgets, always popular at the Garden, thrilled the crowd.

Dom DeNucci executes spectacular jump over on-rushing foe. Tag teammate Ed Carpentier watches from the ring apron.

And now, back to the midgets. Little Beaver looks for ref before tomahawking his opponent. Who says little people are always innocent?

Close-up view shows Sammartino hoisting Ramos to apply deadly "Italian Back-Breaker." Ramos, helpless on Bruno's shoulders, called it quits.

FAN-LAND

By Steve Tischler (Fan Club Editor)

Wrestling witnessed a death and a birth a few months ago. Madison Square Garden, the sports palace on 49th Street in New York City, staged its last wrestling card this January, and will be demolished shortly. Construction crews will haul steel and concrete over the site where Londos, Lewis, Rocca and Sammartino mauled their foes before millions of fans.

The loss of such an arena would be catastrophic to the public if it weren't for the fact that there've been some strange rumblings under Penn Station, 15 blocks south, in recent years. A new Garden is being built there, and opened in February. The fans, it seems, will be presented with a more modern, comfortable edifice for sports watching, and will make everyone forget about the 49th Street 'Garden.

Well, we doubt if the "new" 'Garden can erase the vivid memories of the "old" 'Garden, but it can certainly supply Metropolitan area sports fans with some spectacular new events and champions. The king is dead; long live the king.

Now, to the mail:

Chris and Jerry McConnell, 801 Lafayette St., Bay City, Mich., 48706, report that their Flyin' Fred Curry fan club is progressing nicely. Dues are $1.25, and members receive an 8x10 and post-card sized photos, club pencil, fact sheet, membership card and bi-monthly bulletin. Fred himself usually writes a letter in the bulletin, as do many honoraries for their clubs.

The Ivan Kalmikoff club, run by Jerry Davidson, 13577 Spruce Rd., Southgate, Mich., 48192, featured a most entertaining "Poetry Corner" in the last bulletin. Dick the Bruiser, Wilbur Snyder, The Crusher, Hennig and Race, and Verne Gagne were all included in the section. In addition, the bulletin contained the latest info on Ivan.

I received letters from two east-coast fans, whose clubs cover W.W.F. matches. Max Miller, 225 S. Alden St., Philadelphia, Pa., 19139, announced that Wrestling Newsflash will now be published bi-weekly, with six issues selling for $1.00. Max also has access to a mimeograph machine, and can print circulars and other publicity material for various clubs. Reach him for a price list. Frank Sandewicz, 52-46 62nd St., Maspeth, N.Y., 11378, has started a club for east-coast grapplers. Members are entitled to photos, bulletins, results and programs.

Another club gained recognition a few months ago—the "Wrestling Cousins" club. The cousins are Les Thatcher, Dennis Hall and Roger Kirby, and Jean Schulte, 6929 Windward Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, 45227, heads this organization.

The Rip Hawk-Swede Hanson fan club, inactive for the past few months, is quite alive now. President Rock Riddle, 2987 Congress Ave., Lake Worth, Fla., 33460, now sends out ten different photos of Rip and Swede, a newsletter/interview bulletin, a membership card, clippings and acquaintance forms. Dues are $1.00, and members are asked to enclose a few stamps.

Fred Curry

Norman Said, 3656 Brunswick Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90039, writes that the mention his Nick Bockwinkle club received in a past fan-land column helped the Bockwinkle group tremendously. I suppose it would, since WRESTLING WORLD is the largest-selling wrestling magazine in the country, and, I dare say, the finest.

Jeff Shapiro, 8012 Dunfield Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90045, writes that his El Mongol fan club distributes extra programs, photos, etc. per gratis. Jeff sent me a copy of the "Ringsider," Atlanta's excellent wrestling program-magazine. El Mongol, who held the Georgia Heavyweight Title, was the "cover boy," and may return to California shortly.

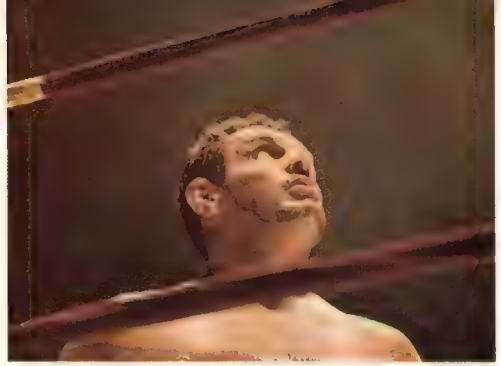
Mike Medugno, P.O. Box 177, Glen Cove, N.Y., 11542, is certainly one of the busiest fan club presidents around. He has been handling the Bruno Sammartino and Spiros Arion clubs for some time, and recently added the Barbara Owens fan club to his file. Mike also puts out "The New York Scene" bulletin, which contains news, editorials and flashbacks.

The hottest item on the wrestling market is a photo magazine, World Wide Wrestling Illustrated. Boyd Pierce, Drawer C, Burleson, Texas, 76028, published this second edition after the first was sold out. World Wide Wrestling Illustrated contains the finest posed photos available anywhere. Boyd also had a list of post-card size shots that he sells at 10 for $1.00, 25 for $2.00, and 50 for $3.00. For the best in the way of wrestling photographs, contact Boyd Pierce.

(continued on page 39)

Butcher

The Sheik stares at Garden crowd.



Champ Bruno Sammartino tests opponent.

Taro Tanaka prays—for help.

Hans Mortier, after a match with Sammartino.

Victor Rivera

(continued from page 34)

Mike Roberts, Rt. 2 Williams Rd., Cumberland, Md., 21502, has photos of many east-coast wrestlers for sale. The photos, which come in snapshot or 5x7 sizes, may be obtained by writing for a price list.

Many fans have written to me asking where they may obtain wrestling programs. Gene Gordon, 419 Sylvania Ave., Charlotte, N.C., 28206, who's been around wrestling for over 30 years, has a huge collection of programs from the Carolinas that date back to 1959, and sells them for 20 cents each. Gene also has action and posed photos for sale, printed on professional paper and suitable for framing. The photos come in 8x10 size only, and are $2.00 each, or $1.00 per photo on orders of five or more.

Lawrence H. Dimery, Jr., 1720 Watson Ave., Bronx, N.Y., 10472, has over 3,000 photos and 300 programs for sale or trade. Lawrence's collection includes items from all over the country, and must be one of the largest around.

Randy Hirsch, 77 Sprucewood Dr., Levittown, N.Y., 11756, has hundreds of programs, clippings and snapshots to trade. Randy is looking for correspondents from all over the U.S., Canada and Australia.

Tom Meyer, 307 Arlington Ave., Jersey City, N.J., 07304, would also like to acquire some pen pals. Tom would like to hear from St. Louis, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Minneapolis and San Francisco grappling fans.

Aaron Lychak, 405 Front Street, Hokendauqua, Pa., 18057, would like to trade clippings, photos and programs with W.W.W.F. area fans. Aaron, who is 13, is in the middle of W.W.W.F. country himself, and presumably would like to get in touch with Baltimore, New York, and New Jersey enthusiasts.

Michael Lopez would like to correspond with any and all wrestling fans. Mike has photos and clippings to trade, and can be reached at 4021 North Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif., 90065.

Julian Balopole, who comes from the same area as Mike, has the same request. Fans from everywhere can write to Julian at 10721 Wellworth Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90065.

El Mongol

Joseph Maniscalco, 32 Second St., Cambridge, Mass., 02141, will send out information, pictures and programs from his area to all pen pals.

James Almeida, 194 Bridge St., Cambridge, Mass., 02141, is another New Englander who would like to have pen pals from around the country. He, too, has programs photos and info to trade.

Betty Field, 109 Midland, Highland Park, Mich., is a great Lord Athol Layton fan. Betty feels that Layton is not only the best wrestler in the nation, but the best T.V. commentator as well. She'd appreciate all Lord Layton fans to drop her a line.

Lord Athol Layton

Charles Weltes, 406 Cleveland, Gary, Ind., 46404, would like to join fan clubs for Dick the Bruiser, Verne Gagne, Crusher Lisowski, Wilbur Snyder, Cowboy Bill Watts and Igor. Would the presidents of those fan clubs please contact Charles?

Richard Laube, 9809 S. 55th Ave., Oak Lawn, Ill., 60453, would like to get in touch with presidents of the Wilbur Snyder, The Rock, Verne Gagne and Dick the Bruiser fan clubs. Richard, in his letter to me, wrote, "If and when you print an article about the Devils Duo and their manager, Bobby Heenan, please expose to the public just how dirty their tactics really are. Their skill is small and their mouths are big. One of these days the Bruiser and The Crusher are going to clobber them." Richard added that he'd also like pen pals, but maybe Devils Duo-Bobby Heenan fans had better find another correspondent.

Mark Suchma, Box 332, Guy, Texas, 77444, has a big order for fan club prexies: he'd like to join clubs for Fitz Von Erich, The Destroyer, Billy "Red" Lyons, Cowboy Bob Ellis, Joe Scarpa, The Sheik, Chris Markoff and Duke Keomuka. Handle that one, if you can. Mark would also like a pen pal.

That's about it for this month. I'd just like to note that because of the great response from our readers, "Fan-Land" has been able to "departmentalize." This means that the column is broken down into sections: one for fan club presidents and bulletins; one for "traders" or "sellers"; one for prospective pen pals; and one for fans who wish to join a certain fan club. We feel that this is the most convenient form of presentation for our readers, as they themselves benefit from the column.

When you realize that advertising space is a valued commodity in most media, WRESTLING WORLD has come up with something special. If you are a fan club president who wants publicity for your honorary; if you are a collector, an ex-collector or a potential collector; if you want pen pals or want to sell an item, let me know. Drop me a line at "Fan-Land" 30-30 Northern Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y., 11101. We aim to please.

WRESTLING WORLD FAN CLUB CONTEST

The Midwest Wrestling Conference, held on February 17 at the Veterans Memorial Building in Detroit, underlined the strength of fan club organizations in the midwest and in the country as a whole. Over 60 fan club presidents and wrestlers attended the meeting-dinner that was chaired by Dawn Porter, and all present agreed that the discussions and dialogues that were conducted will be beneficial for future gatherings.

The mid-winter conference was constructive in its own right. The active and loyal fan club presidents in the Detroit area were able to suggest promotional improvements, as well as securing the lines of communications with the wrestlers, managers and promoters. Mark Lewin, Karl Kox, Bull Curry, Lou Klein and Alex Perez were just a few of the grapplers in attendance, and Abdulah Farouk, the Sheik's "Main Man," served as toastmaster.

Lou Sahadi, Editor of *Wrestling World,* flew in from New York to address the gathering, braving the eight-degree cold that chilled the Motor City. *Wrestling World* was unanimously acknowledged as the official fan club organ, and this writer was named chairman of a three man committee that will rate fan club bulletin efforts. The separate categories for judging will be photography, bulletins, posters and membership. Fan club presidents are asked to send all material to *Wrestling World* before June 20. Winners will receive a free subscription to this magazine.

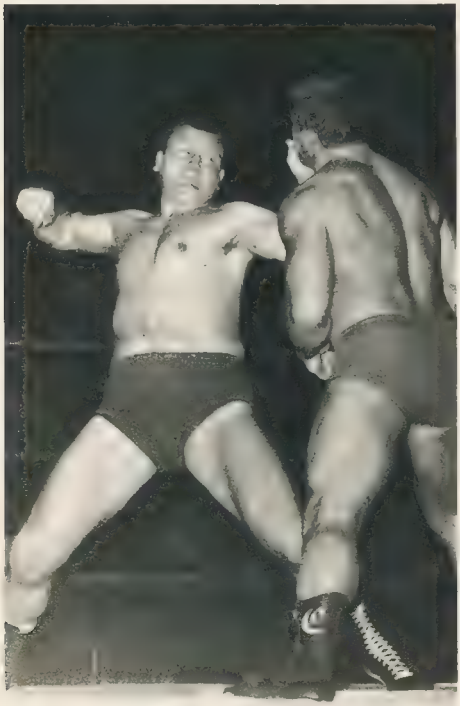
The executive committe for the conference, consisting of Cleo McLean, Jerry Davidson, Joan Cornelius, S.L. Cessna and Ray Moczulski, made chair-woman Dawn Porter's job less burdensome, as did hostesses Mary Jo Poisall and Mary Fuchs. Wrestlers, writers, and presidents labled the meeting a success.

In addition to strenghtening the status of fan clubs in the midwest, however, Dawn Porter's group laid the ground work for the national convention scheduled for Toronto this summer. As reported in the last issue of *Wrestling World,* an organization calling itself the Wrestling International Fans Association broke away from the main body of fan club presidents, and is attempting to hold a convention in Mankato, Minn., that would conflict with the Toronto conclave.

Toronto promoter Frank Tunney had already promised his cooperation to Dawn, and has started aligning a gala series of matches to mark the convention. The success of the Detroit meeting, however, is evidence that the confederates' attempt at sabotage will be fruitless.

Ref Tiger Tasker gives Champ Kiniski (l.) and Carpentier instructions.

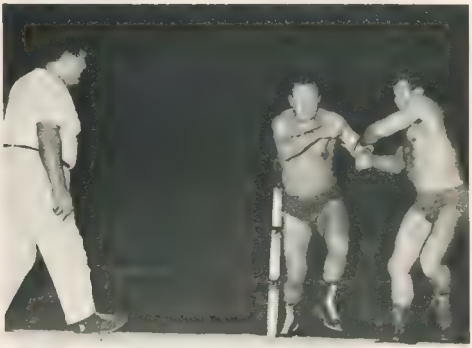
Kiniski is about to rock challenger Carpentier with a right hand.



KINISKI VS. CARPENTIER

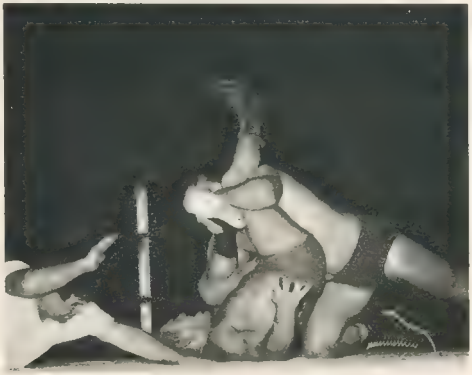
N.W.A. Champion Gene Kiniski swore he'd take on anyone and everyone. Ed Carpentier, a long-time enemy of Gene's, took up Kiniski's challenge last month in Toronto, and provided the fans with an action-packed match that had the champ wondering if he'd be able to survive it. He did, as these pictures show.

(Photos by Roger Baker)



Ed seems to be taking command, as he whips Kiniski across the ring.

Kiniski rebounded atop Carpentier, and pinned the Frenchman.



THE "OLD" GARDEN LIVES

By Toots Mondt

Even though it will no longer house New York's wrestling colony, the "Old" Madison Square Garden lives on in the minds of fans and wrestlers alike. Toots Mondt, former wrestler and now a prominent promoter, recalls the five greatest matches he saw in the "Old" Garden, and leads us to believe that the place will never be forgotten.

The night had a stigma of nostalgia. It was the last time a wrestling show was presented at the old Madison Square Garden. The New York emporium long has been considered the mecca by professional wrestlers. It had been the sport's showplace for 42 years since the night Jim Londos and Jim McMillen first started it all back in 1926.

A crowd of 14,130, that paid $42,875, came to hear the final bell at the old arena on January 30. Seated away from the ring in an empty row of seats on the Eighth Avenue end of the building was a former wrestling star. He sat erect in his seat and alertly observed the combatants in the ring. The action brought back a lot of memories to Toots Mondt.

Toots Mondt has seen it all. In a career that spans over 50 years, he has been a star wrestler, manager and now one of the leading promoters along the eastern seaboard. He couldn't help but recall some of the great matches of the past.

"The first great night of wrestling occurred back in 1930 when Londos and McMillen faced each other," remembered Mondt. "It was one of the biggest gates of all time. The match pulled $98,000 with a $10 top. Over 18,000 people made their way into the Garden. There were so many fans wanting to get inside that a riot developed outside.

"Londos was the champion at the time. McMillan was very popular and was an excellent wrestler. He had a great background. He was a graduate of the University of Illinois. He was the Big 10 wrestling champion and had played football with Red Grange.

"It was an exciting match and lasted almost to curfew. The total elapsed time was about an hour and thirty-five minutes which is a lot of wrestling any way you look at it. Londos emerged the winner but up until the end it was a fairly even match.

"In fact, Londos won on a technicality. He didn't succeed in pinning McMillen. He won on a break. McMillen took a shot at Londos with a flying tackle and missed. He went flying through the ropes and landed in the third row of seats. He couldn't get back in time and the referee counted him out."

Mondt's eyes twinkled as he recalled his days of wrestling. The match he was watching was over and between bouts he quickly recounted another chapter from wrestling's golden era as the sport was called them.

Toots Mondt shows his form almost half a century ago.

"Back in 1933, Strangler Lewis and Ray Steele met in a match ordered by the Athletic Commission," began Mondt. "Bill Brown was the commissioner at the time and pressures from both sides forced the bout.

"Steele was the top contender on the circuit. The match was a natural. There was no love lost between both wrestlers. There were two rival factions going against each other and each had strong fan support. "A great deal of pressure and hoopla surrounded the match. Lewis trained for the match at Gus Wilson's farm in New Jersey while Steele worked out in George Brothner's gym in New York. Both were in excellent shape as they trained very hard.

"Before the match I placed a sealed envelope in Lewis' suitcase. I told him not to open it until after the match. I predicted that the bout would last 30 minutes. It lasted 31!"

"Steele decided to wrestle bare-footed. I reasoned that the bottom of his feet wouldn't take the abuse. His feet were too soft. He would soak them in brine and then walk around bare-footed to

The Steele-Lewis clash was one of the greatest matches in history. Wrestlers from all over the country paid their own way to see it.

Per usual, the Strangler came out on top. Here, Steele leaves ring.

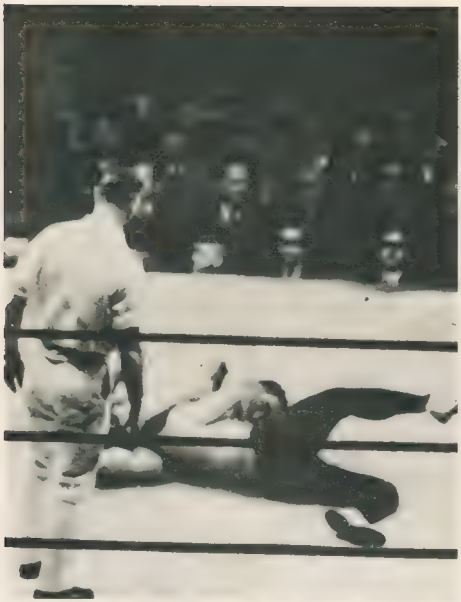
toughen them up. He didn't have a natural cushion that a country boy in Missouri builds up from the time he was a youngster. I figured that would be a factor and it was.

"From the opening bell, Steele tried to keep Lewis moving. However, Lewis kept pressing him. He kept the pressure on Steele throughout the bout. He constantly forced Steele back and as a result, the bottom of his feet was beginning to tear up. Steele began to fade and Lewis caught him with a forearm smash that left him reeling. Lewis then applied a leg hold and put him away for good."

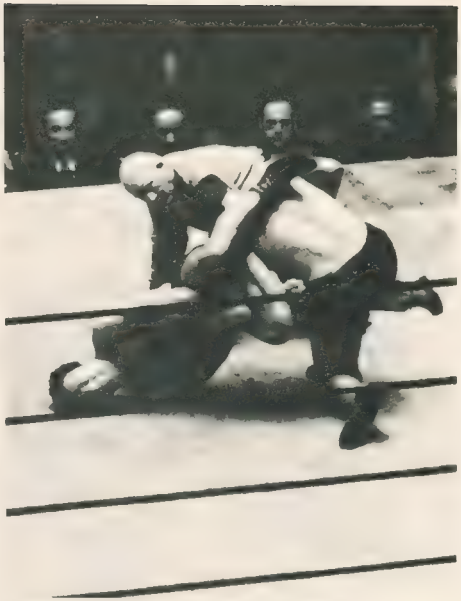
Mondt almost forgot the action that was taking place in front of him. He turned away from the ring lights and recalled another match, this one, too, with Strangler Lewis.

"In the early Fall of 1933, Lewis faced Jack Sherry in another title match that was ordered by the commissioner," said Mondt. "The bout drew over 12,000 people which paid better than $40,000. That was excellent when considering that the country was in the middle of a depression."

"Sherry was the logical contender at the time. He had a European wrestling background and writer Dan Parker, who was one of wrestling's severest



Jack Sherry, highly touted European, was Strangler's victim here.



Jim McMillen tries pinning Jim Londos. He couldn't.

critics through the years, was quite impressed with Sherry. Both wrestlers went into heavy training for the match. Sherry did his conditioning in Boston while Lewis preferred Montreal.

"The challenger had a great following in Boston. Most of the out of town promoters gave Sherry a good chance to defeat Lewis. They all pointed to Sherry's staying power and figured that quite possibly he may wear down the champion.

"Although he didn't seriously threaten Lewis throughout the match, he nevertheless put on a fine showing. The bout lasted two hours which was atribute to the condition of both wrestlers. Finally, Lewis pinned him to remain champion."

"Following the bout, Lewis praised Sherry. He called him one of the gamest wrestlers he ever met. Lewis was really something else. He took a shower, got dressed and went to a dance. Can you imagine that after a two hour match?"

By now it was time for the main event. World Wide Wrestling Federation Champion Bruno Sammartino was paired against a vicious Japanese star, Taro Tanaka. Mondt wanted to watch the bout as it brought together two excellent wrestlers. After Sammartino disposed of Tanaka, Mondt continued.

"Another bout that I rank among the greatest I ever saw in this arena was between Gorgeous George an Ernie Dusek. It took place in the Spring of 1946 and for two days prior to the match there was a severe rain and windstorm. Still, over 10,000 fans braved the elements to see the match. If the weather was good, I'd dare say that the place would have sold out.

"George was an international star and a better wrestler than most people give him credit for. I consider him one of the 10 best wrestlers and appeared on such shows as Jack Benny and Bob Hope.

"George was one of the early originators of gimmicks. I'll never forget the first time I saw him. He arrived in Los Angeles after driving from St. Louis in a broken down Maxwell with his wife and two kids. He had long, black hair and his wife would sew sequins on his robe.

"Well, you know what happened then. He acquired a valet, dyed his hair blond and captivated wrestling audiences every where he appeared. Before each of his matches, his valet would fumigate his corner and the referee with an atomizer. Perc Westmore, the famous movie make-up man, supplied him with gold bobby pins for his hair. He had a specially designed orchard-colored automobile and orchid clothes. His wardrobe alone was over $3,000.

"This was George's first appearance in Madison Square Garden, and he was facing the best of the Dusek brothers. It was too bad that the weather wasn't better. The match lasted 40 minutes and George was victorious. Like I said, George was one of the best, and greatly underrated as a wrestler.

"See the Sammartino who just finished? He is rapidly joining the list among the greatest wrestlers of all time. I consider his match with Buddy Rogers back in 1963 as one of the best bouts here.

"Actually, the match lasted less than a minute. But the suspense and the drama that surrounded

the match was fantastic. You couldn't buy a decent seat a week before the match. Rogers was the champion and Sammartino was the challenger.

"I never saw a more determined wrestler than Sammartino. He finally got his first title shot and didn't wait long to make the most of it. He went after Rogers right from the bell and got him in that famous backbreaker hold of his. Rogers submitted and the place was a bedlam. The fans stormed the ring and carried Bruno out on their shoulders. It was a sight that I will never forget.

"What a champion Sammartino has been these past five years. He has broken all boxoffice records and no one has defeated him for the title. He's held the title for five years which is a record for one title holder. Sammartino is a credit to the profession and he has youth on his side. Why, he hasn't reached his peak years as yet. He'll go down in history as a great one."

With that, Mondt, put on his coat and hat and made his way toward the exit. In his day he was a great one, too . . .

Gorgeous George pirouettes away from Ernie Dusek, a member of the Dusek "Riot Squad." George revolutionized wrestling.

angelo savoldi . . . what's all this about retirement?

Angelo Savoldi retired? When? Oh, he may not wrestle too much any more, but he's still an active, busy man. He promotes matches, looks after wrestlers, and has a few business projects going in native Parsippany, N.J. Angelo Savoldi retired? Are you kidding?

(Photos By Jim Marr)

"Retired? Who said anything about retiring . . . ?"

"Look, I'm too busy to retire . . . I'm still young."

Angelo stands with sons Robert (9), Albert (12) and John (21).

Angelo and Robert select record. The Savoldi's are great music lovers, and have an interest in a music shop in Parsippany.

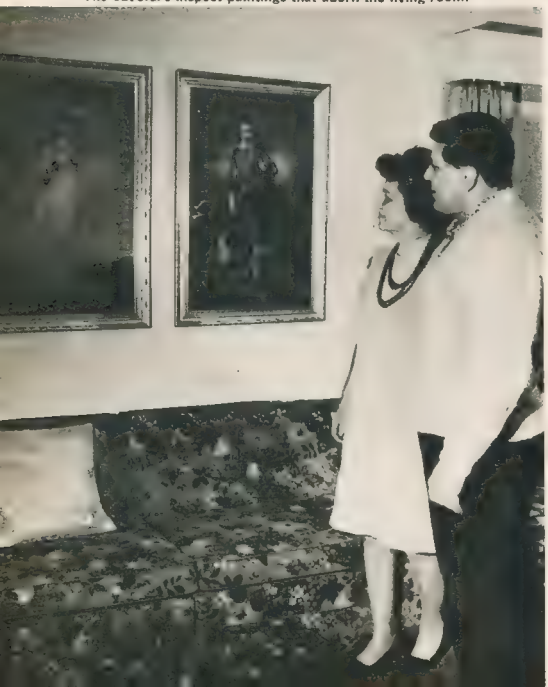
Angelo helps wife Mary prepare home-cooked Italian dinner.

Now everyone gets into the act. "They're all growing boys."

Angelo reminisces about past glory achieved in the ring.

Grandaughter Denise (3) looks up at photographer.
A wife's kiss is always good incentive for earning a day's pay.

The Savoldi's inspect paintings that adorn the living room.



Angelo writes out a bill for a young customer at the record shop. Two years ago, he'd be asked for autographs.

Angelo and family at Mario's Record & Tape shop.

The "other" Savoldi goes over business with Arnie Skaaland.

Leo Durocher once said, "Nice guys finish last." The Ox, after years of battering, finally got the message after his mother, Gene Kiniski and a local promoter convinced him that his "Nice guy" style simply wasn't practical for pro wrestling. The Ox is now a villain—a successful villain—and hopes to some day relieve Kiniski of his crown.

THE OX

New Breed Of Bully

by Jerry Prater

Big, powerful, dumb, loveable. These adjectives have often been used to describe The Ox, one of the giants of the wrestling profession. The latest word, however, is that two of these descriptive terms are no longer applicable.

To be sure, The Ox, who stands six feet, four inches and weighs 295 pounds, is as big as ever. Likewise, he's still as powerful as the beast whose name he bears. But loveable, he ain't—and the big fellow would have us believe he's no longer as dumb as he used to be.

When you see a fellow like this, someone who always respected the rules, at least insofar as he understood them—when you see such a person suddenly become a virtual maniac in the ring, viciously abusing a beaten opponent despite the referee's admonitions to desist, it sort of shakes your faith in human nature.

This is what happened to a lot of fans who'd seen The Ox wrestle, who had talked with the friendly giant, and who'd heard about what a nice guy he was. They couldn't believe their eyes when they saw their idol persist in violating the rules until he got disqualified, then cap it off by hitting the referee!

The "New" Ox uses his fist to bash Lorenzo Parente. The "Old" Ox was always "legit."

"Why?" they asked. The Ox had no answer, not a word for the people who had once adored him. They asked each other, but no one could figure it out. The Ox's behavior appeared to be as unprovoked as it was unexpected, and altogether uncalled for.

We felt that The Ox, always a bit shy, might be more receptive to some calmly-stated inquiries than he was to the shouted admonitions of his outraged ex-admirers, so we arranged an interview with the man.

The Ox seemed quite willing to talk; in fact, once he understood what the interview was all about, he conversed quite freely. He didn't shout, as he had the night before, when the fans booed him, rather he was quite calm. He had changed, and for what he considered to be good reasons—reasons he was not at all hesitant to state.

"I guess you know I had something less than a perfect record before all this happened," he began. "The people liked me all right, and they'd turn out to see me wrestle, so the promoters were always glad to use me. But I was lucky if I won half of my matches. Big as I am, I usually wrestle somebody smaller. I don't often get hurt, but somehow it bothers me when I get pinned by a man who weighs 50 pounds less than me.

"This really started getting to me after the time I got turned down when I asked to wrestle Gene Kiniski. The champ had signed an open contract to meet anybody this promoter could put up against him. The fans were asking for me to get the match, because they liked me. A lot of them said that it would take a big man like me to beat Kiniski, because Gene so often used his 275 pounds to take advantage of smaller opponents.

"I would have stood around like a dumb dope, waiting to see whether or not the promoter wanted me to wrestle the champ, except that the fans wouldn't let me. They insisted that I go to the promoter and *demand* a match with Kiniski. Well, I went, but I didn't exactly demand. I walked into the promoter's office with my hat in my hand and sort of humbly asked if I might be considered as an opponent for the world champion. Boy, did I get the word!

" 'Ox,' he said, 'you've got to be kidding. I couldn't possibly consider matching you with Kiniski. Why, he'd eat you up in two straight! I know what you're thinking; you're thinking I should give you the match because it would draw a good crowd. Well, let me tell you something: I've got to think further ahead than the next big house. I've got a couple of men who are good enough to beat Kiniski, given a decent break. One of them will wrestle the champ, and if the title changes hands, it will put this town on the map. Sure, it's a gamble, but a man in my business has to gamble, and you're just not a good risk!'

"Talk about having your ego deflated! I really got depressed after that. I even considered quitting the ring, but I didn't know what else I could do. I didn't want to go back to farming, or to logging.

"I was on the first preliminary a few nights later when Kiniski wrestled in the match I'd wanted. The word had gotten out that I'd asked for the match, and I noticed a few of the wrestlers snickering up their sleeves as I sat in a corner of the dressing room like a naughty kid.

"I went out and wrestled, but my heart wasn't in it. The dressing room was empty when I got back, the others had all gone out to watch the next match. I was sitting there, sulking, when Kiniski walked in.

" 'Whadda ya say, Ox?' he growled. I didn't know if he'd heard about my asking for the match or not, so I just said hi. Gene fumbled around for a few minutes, getting his stuff out of his suitcase, then he walked over to me.

" 'I heard about you wanting the title match tonight,' he said. I wished he'd just forget about it, but I said nothing. 'That promoter did you a favor, Ox,' he told me; 'nothing personal, you understand, but I'd have mopped the ring with you. I'd have had you down to size in 30 seconds, and after that it wouldn't even have been interesting! Why the hell did you want to bite off more than you could chew like that, Ox?'

"I told him that the fans wanted me to wrestle him, and that I wanted to do it for them.

" 'Spoken like a true meat-head!' he scoffed. 'No damn wonder they they call you The Ox. You'd walk peacefully up to the butcher and get knocked in the head, never suspecting what was going to happen.

" 'I'll tell you what,' Gene added, 'if you want to amount to something in this business, you stick around and watch me tonight. This guy I'm wrestling is supposed to be tough, but I'm tougher. You watch what I do to him, and you watch how I do it. Maybe a little of it will sink into that thick skull of yours, and who knows? You might come to realize that pro wrestling isn't all sweetness and light—you might even amount to something someday!'

"I didn't stick around to watch the match, I just went home and called my mother. There was no answer, then I remembered that this was her night to play bingo.

"A few days later, a promoter called me and asked if I wanted a main event. I hadn't expected anything like this, and it really made me feel good. I didn't even

ask who my opponent was going to be. I don't know that it would have mattered if I had, because I'd never even heard of The Great Malenko.

"I got a real big hand when they introduced me that night, and when Malenko was introduced, they all booed him. The fans had heard of The Great Malenko, even if I hadn't—and I soon found out why!

"He just stood there in his corner and stared at me with those beady little eyes. He's only about 5 feet, 11 inches, and the ring announcer gave his weight as 238 pounds, but he was in terrific shape and he looked mean.

"When the bell rang, Malenko circled me a couple of times, then jumped out of the ring when I made a move for him. This gave me some confidence; I thought maybe he was scared of me. Maybe he wasn't really so tough after all!

"I took a few elbows and boots, and they really hurt, but then I got him in a headlock and he couldn't get away. He pulled on my trunks, but he couldn't get me off balance, and that made him mad. The crowd was cheering, and that made me feel good, and it made Malenko even madder.

"Then Malenko started pointing to his head, telling the referee that I'd pulled his hair. I hadn't of course, and the referee didn't believe Malenko, but he asked me if I'd pulled hair, just by way of being a good, impartial official. This distracted me for a moment, and I guess I relaxed my grip a little. Anyway, Malenko hit me with a fist low in the mid-section and he got loose. That punch really caught me by surprise, and it doubled me up. That was all Malenko needed. The next thing I felt was two fingers in my eyes, then fists, elbows and knees everywhere. I couldn't see, and he was beating me to a pulp!

"The referee tried to pull him off me, but he wouldn't stop. The bell rang, and I heard a voice say, 'Malenko, you're disqualified!' But he kept on. I was on the canvas now, and he was stomping my neck and head. I could feel the blood running down my face where he'd opened up a big gash in my head, then everything went black.

"I woke up in a hospital the next day with seventeen stitches in my head and three broken ribs, not to mention an assortment of scrapes and bruises. From what people told me, I was lucky I didn't get killed, because Malenko had thrown the referee out of the ring and had kept on kicking and stomping me, even after I was out cold. It had taken six people to pull him off me, they said.

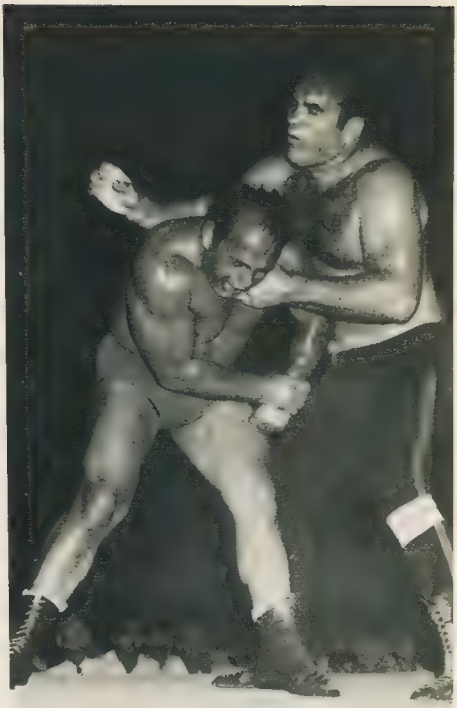
"Now, here was a man I didn't even know. Sure, he wanted to beat me, but he had no reason in the world to try and cripple me the way he did. I couldn't understand this, and it frightened me.

"When they released me, I went back to

Ox was a mediocre scientific wrestler. Here, he lets opponent get behind him.

The Ox gets a dose of his own medicine: a shot in the jaw from an enraged Parente.

The Ox uses nerve hold on Parente to reduce the latter's circulation.



Larenzo recovers and blasts the Ox in the gut with an elbow.

my apartment and called my mother. She was home this time, and I told her the whole story about how Malenko had tried to cripple me, and about how I wasn't going to be able to wrestle for awhile until the ribs mended. I was looking for sympathy, I'll admit, but I didn't get much!

" 'I told you this would happen when you first started fighting with those savage brutes!' she reminded me. 'If you're going to play with fire, you can expect to get your fingers burned,' she added. 'And another thing,' Mother said, 'don't you think it's about time you quit calling Mommie every time you get hurt? You're thirty years old now, you know; it's time you started acting like a man and stand on your own two feet!' Then she hung up on me.

"Boy, did I ever feel terrible! I just sat around the apartment and sulked for a few days. I didn't go anywhere, I didn't see anyone. I didn't even eat much, and I normally have an appetite like a horse.

"Then I picked up a paper and saw where Gene Kiniski was wrestling in a big match in Tampa, Florida. Suddenly, I remembered what Kiniski had told me in the dressing room that night. 'If you want to amount to something in this business, stick around and watch me,' he had said. I packed my suitcase and I was on the next plane to Florida!

"I watched Gene Kiniski wrestle, and I got the idea. Oh, I don't mean to say that I learned everything there is to know by watching the champ in action one time, but something penetrated my thick skull, just like Gene said it might. The people didn't like the way Gene won his match, but he won it just the same. He walked out of the ring afterward carrying *his* belt, and he didn't seem to care a bit whether anybody liked him or not. I knew right away why a man like this was champion!

"Later, after my ribs healed up, I started working on developing a few classy maneuvers of my own, like Kiniski uses, only something suited to me, personally. I prefected 'the axe,' a chopping blow to the throat, using the side of the hand. It enabled me to chop opponents down like I used to chop down trees in the lumber camps. The Ox and the axe; I think we make a pretty good combination.

"Anyway, these are the things that made me change my style and my outlook on life. That promoter did me a favor when he deflated my ego, and my mother did me a favor when she told me to stand on my own two feet and take care of myself. Kiniski did me a favor when he told me what the score was, and I guess even Malenko did me a favor when he proved to me that this was the way it is.

"The fans don't like me anymore, but what do I care? I mentioned all the favors people did me, even though I didn't realize those people were doing me a service at the time. What did the fans ever do for me? All they ever did was to get me into trouble. They made me think there was some future in blindly obeying the rules, but they were wrong. They're just a lot of stupid morons—like I used to be!

"I win a lot more matches now, and that's what counts. Maybe someday Gene Kiniski will watch me clobber somebody and say, 'Ox, you're coming along real good!' That would make me very happy."

There you have The New Ox. Still big, still powerful, no longer nice. But is he wiser, as he says he is? You be the judge of that.

WRESTLING inside WORLD

BY LOU SAHADI

DETROIT CONFIDENTIAL--The Sheik is unquestionably the most hated wrestler in the annals of Motor City wrestling. His sinister ring tactics have incurred the wrath of Detroit fans who pour out their emotions in near riot proportions . . . On the other hand, Mark Lewin is the darling of the local cognescenti. "I love this area very much," beamed Lewin. "The fans have been most kind to me. Although New York City is my home, I sincerely feel that Detroit is my second home." . . . Bull Ortega is snorting. He has his sights on Lewin, The Sheik, Oklahoma Kid, Fred Curry and Bobo Brazil, although not necessarily in that order . . . Killer Kox showing no ill effects of his recent eye injury which left him almost sightless. The tough-talking Nebraskan received over 1,000 get well cards which shows just how much heart wrestling fans have . . . The Kentucky Butcher and Big Bad John have parted. "I did all the work and John kept all the money," fumed the Butcher . . . Latest masked man on scene continues to be a mystery. All that's known about the Big O is that his father was one of the big names on the circuit.

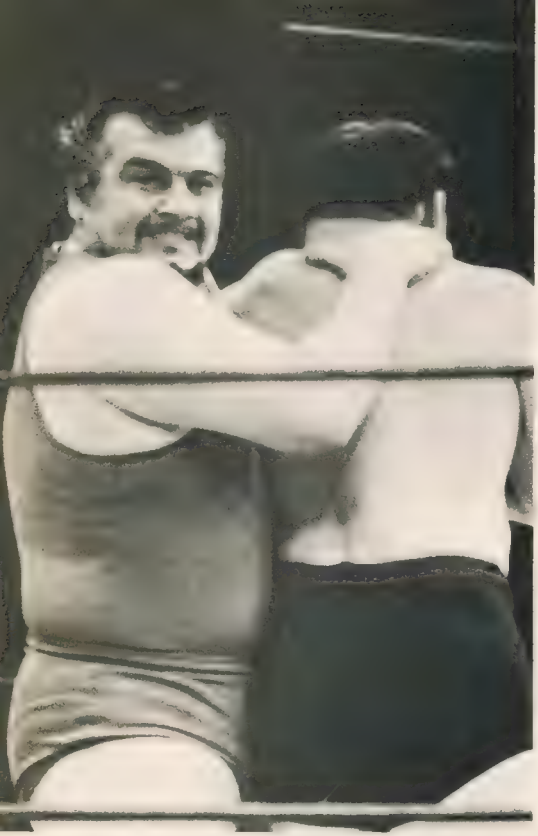
Danny Miller and Baron Von Raschke are feuding. "He's one guy I would like to get into the ring with," exclaimed Miller. "He is an absolute disgrace to Germans everywhere. My parents were of German extraction. I am an American-German. Von Raschke is a German-German. He has done more to hurt German-American relations than any one person." . . . Lord Athol Layton doing a first rate announcing job calling the matches over CKLW-TV in Windsor, Canada . . . Former wrestling star Harry Light's son is a popular referee among Detroit fans . . . Insiders say the Assassin wears a mask because he doesn't want to embarass his socially and politically prominent family . . . Irate fans are still incensed at the way Bull Curry turned on guest referee Mark Lewin following Curry's blood bath against The Sheik. Lewin himself was covered with blood and still bears a scar high on his forehead from Curry's wanton attack . . . Promoter Francis Fleser has provided Detroit fans with the most exciting matches in years. He brings top talent into Cobo Hall every two weeks.

Dr. Bill Miller returned from a successful tour of Japan. So did popular Fred Curry who preferred to stay on the West Coast for a six-month engagement . . . Ernie Ladd revealed that he may quit football and stay on the circuit full time. "I like football and playing for Coach Hank Stram but there isn't too much money around for me in Kansas City," he added . . . One veteran campaigner remarked that The Student is twice as good as he was a year ago . . . Alex Perez, a former boxer, has put his fast hands to good use as a wrestler. One beaten opponent made this observation following his match: "I'll tell you how he beat me. He still throws those little short punches just the way he did when he was boxing. The only difference is that now he has learned to mask the blows. He knows how to hide his technique from the officials and the fans." . . . Recent Detroit newspaper strike didn't affect gates at Cobo Hall. Business was bigger than ever.

Terse comment from Bull Curry: "Every ordinary man has a breaking point, but I'm no ordinary man. I've been a great wrestler before some of the wrestlers in the ring today were born. And I am still great. If I have a breaking point, nobody has ever

(continued on page 60)

Bull Curry



Durso glares at photographer as he applies hold on Ace Freeman.

FRANK DURSO: PORTRAIT OF A LOSER

by Robert Willis

Most articles in wrestling magazines profile stars or soon-to-be stars. No one knows how the "other half" lives—the half that wins less than half the time, and the half that doesn't have the fans, money or publicity that winners are accustomed to. Frank Durso is a member of that "other half" group, and tells about his travails in this interview.

The man wore a kinky, close-cropped beard and moustache. His black curly hair was scraggly and unkempt. He sat quietly, gazing intently at the massive giants moving about him. The look in his eyes was one of envy.

The scene was a neon-lit dressing room in Pittsburgh's multi-million-dallar Civic Arena. The elongated room was filled with mishapen athletes in various stages of undress. The massive giants were professional wrestlers.

The bearded one, sitting alone in a corner, diverted his eyes from the confusion and casually began sifting through the pages of well-worn wrestling magazines. Automatically, almost without realizing it, he flipped to the back pages and, for the thousandth time, hurriedly scanned the world wide ratings.

He stared impassively at the listings. Bruno Sammartino was listed Number One. Then came Hans Mortier. Spyros Arion was next. Then Taro Tanaka, Bobo Brazil, Gorilla Monsoon, Tank Morgan, Ed Carpentier, Luke Graham, El Toro, Al Costello, Baron Scicluna, Tony Pugliese, George Steele, The Ox and Miguel Perez.

An impressive list, he thought. But one name wasn't on it. His. And, in all likelihood, it never would be.

With that, he let the magazine fall to the floor. He leaned back, stroked his chin, and closed his eyes.

For the dream that once prompted Frank Durso to enter professional wrestling nearly eight years ago had long since been shattered. He now realized he would never make it big. He knew he would never wear a championship belt. Never make important money. Never be acclaimed by thousands of screaming fans.

From the very beginning, Frank Durso was a loser. His dream never got past the fantasy stage.

Why fight it? Why take the beatings? What makes a man keep doggedly at it long after he knows he'll never make it?

"It may sound corny," admitted Durso,

"but I simply love to wrestle. There's really no other answer. I've wanted to wrestle professionally since I got out of the Marines in 1958 and I'll be at it as long as I can move."

The frustration of Frank Durso began with his very first professional match—and hasn't let up since. It was 1961 in Steubenville, Ohio, and Durso lasted three minutes. And lost.

"After that first bout," he says, "I decided on one thing. I decided I'd work dirty from then on. I HAD to. I really got clobbered!"

In his first tag match as a pro—with Pittsburgh partner Ron Romano—Durso took it on the chin again. "It was a one-fall match against the Bavarian Boys in Nashville, Tennessee. And we lost."

Thus was the auspicious beginnings of a loser.

Since those early days, Durso figures he's lost 60 to 65 percent of his matches. Yet, surprisingly, he's still a winner in the enthusiasm department.

"Sure, I figured I'd be a big star some day," he says. "I guess we all feel that way. I've dreamed about winning the title and making all that money. And I'd still like to. But now, I just don't plan on it!"

Frank has suffered a number of serious injuries while wrestling.

Durso, too small to be a star, has a ioe his own size in Ace.

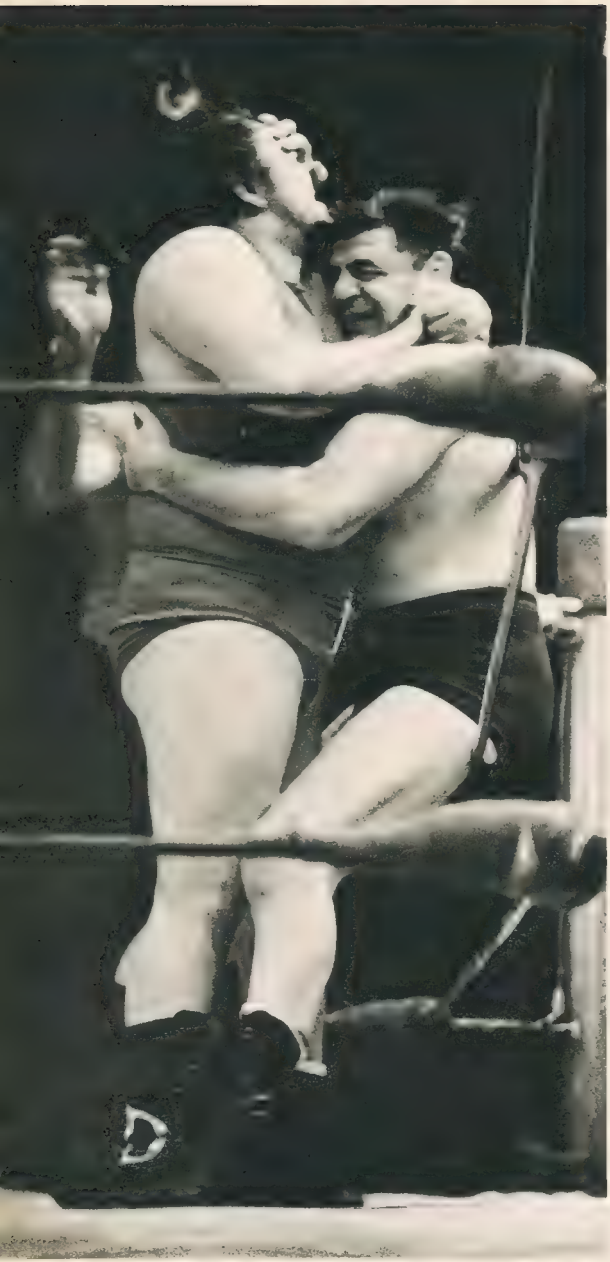
Frankness is one of Durso's more endearing qualities. Thus explains his willingness to describe the most terrifying bout in his young career. It was in 1963 and his opponent was the towering Killer Kowalski.

In his own candid way, Durso explains it this way: "I was scared stiff!"

"It was the only time in my life that I've ever been scared of anyone," Frank went on. "I had only been wrestling as a pro for a couple of years when I got booked into Bridgeport, Connecticut, against Kowalski. I should never have taken the match. From the moment I entered the ring I knew it was a mistake!"

"When I looked into his corner and saw those eyes staring back at me, I almost froze in my tracks. I should have stayed home in the first place. Naturally I lost. I never even had a chance. I was too scared."

The Kowalski incident occurred five years



A "bully" by trade but a nice guy outside the ring.

ago. Durso now has five more years of ring experience behind him. What about a rematch against Kowalski? "Well, at least I wouldn't be scared of him this time," laughed Durso.

The good-natured Italian has come a long way since his days as a weight-lifter in Pittsburgh. In recent years, Durso has taken on such mat stalwarts as Gorilla Monsoon, Chief White Owl, the Battman, Frank Holtz, Chuck Martoni, Ace Freeman, Johnny DeFazio and Bobby "Hurricane" Hunt.

He even worked against World Wide Wrestling Federation champion Bruno Sammartino on two occasions, both in Philadelphia. "I lost 'em both," he quickly pointed out!

At 5'-9" and 240 pounds, Durso just doesn't measure up to the towering goliaths currently plying their trade in wrestling rings today. "I'm just too small for most of 'em," Frank admits. "But I'll go against anyone. And at any time, too!"

His size almost proved to be Durso's initial defeat. Born in Pittsburgh, he played baseball for Washington Vocational High School and weighed only 190 pounds. Following high school, and a two-year stint with the United States Marines, Durso decided he wanted to become a wrestler. He went to the office of promoter Joseph "Toots" Mondt and began to plead his case.

"Mr. Mondt said I was too small," said Durso. "Of course there was a fella named Primo Carnera in his office at the time and I know I must have looked pretty puny next to him!"

The greenhorn grappler didn't take no for an answer, however. He joined the East Liberty YMCA in Pittsburgh and began working out strenuously with weights.

He decided to try judo, too. "Boy, I'll never forget my first encounter with judo," Durso recalled. "I went into this class where a tiny, 110-pound instructor was teaching. He looked like he couldn't lift a child! But he sure fooled me. He threw me all over that room."

Next came ex-wrestler Eddie Faiette. The former Steel City mat star once ran a "how-to" clinic for would-be wrestlers and Durso became a prized pupil. "Eddie taught me quite a bit about this game," commented Durso. "I worked out with him for a year or so and learned the holds, how to fall and how to protect myself. It was quite an experience."

Finally, in 1961, the team of Frank Durso and Ron Romano hit the pro circuit as a tag team. They traveled South, working in Tennessee, North Carolina, Arkansas, Alabama and Missouri. They worked against the top tag teams in the South and were even rated Number Five themselves at one point.

But, about that time, Durso wandered off on his own and was booked into that ill-fated match in Steubenville, Ohio. From that open-

ing defeat until now, Durso, as he puts it, began to "work dirty."

Working "dirty" doesn't always appeal to the fans, so it's no wonder Frank Durso is not the most popular wrestler in the game. Putting it another way: Durso is a hated man!

"Listen, I live on the boos," he grunted. "The louder they yell at me, the better I like it. Just as long as they keep payin' their way into the place, I don't care what they yell at me. I love it."

"I won't even take a week off," he continued, "I miss the boos too much!"

But despite Durso's easy quips, he remains a lonely man. He makes good money. But, his dream of someday winning a world championship has long ago turned into a continuing nightmare. In arenas, he dresses alone. He leaves alone. And it bothers him.

"Of course it bugs me that I'm not a top winner," he admitted. "It's worse when I wrestle on television. Then all the kids in the neighborhood watch me lose. They must figure I'm some kind of clod."

Durso's wife, Diane, is an avid wrestling buff. She travels the circuit with her bearded hubby. "She loves it," says Durso, "except on TV. Then she stays in the lobby of the station."

After nearly eight years as a ring pro, Frank Durso sheepishly boasts of a winning percentage of less than forty percent. He's suffered a shoulder separation and lost cartilage in his left knee. He admits he once was "scared stiff" of Killer Kowalski. The kids in his neighborhood think of him as a loser. He knows he'll never be a champion.

Has he thought about quitting? "Hell yes," he says. But, he's quick to add, " . . . but I won't!"

Freeman applies leg-lock on Frank. Durso lost the match, as he does 40 per cent of the time.

(continued from page 55)
found it." . . . Baron Von Raschke claims his German Sleeper Hold is far superior to Mark Lewin's famed one . . . Frenchman Pierre LaBelle doesn't think much of American wrestlers. "Americans simply cannot wrestle," he claims . . . Lou Klein has opened a health studio in Allen Park and appropriately calls it "Lou Klein Health Studios." It's complete with a health clinic, health foods, wrestling school, gym and steam baths. One of Klein's wrestling instructors is Kalil Tawa, a former Lebanese wrestling star who is skilled in the Greco-Roman school . . . The Fabulous Kangaroos went over big in their native Australia.

The Sheik and Killer Kox are still feuding. "The Sheik almost blinded me," reminded Kox. "You know he is nothing but a wild animal, an untamed beast. He is just like a mad dog and I am just waiting to gain my revenge." . . . Abdullah Farouk, The Sheik's mouthpiece, staunchly defends the Syrian's actions. "Kox betrayed The Sheik," screamed Farouk. "He was ungrateful to The Sheik for all he taught him and he had to be taught a lesson which The Sheik administered with all his power." . . . Von Raschke vows he will win the U.S. championship and take it back to Germany . . . A commission doctor, checking Ernie Ladd's blood preassure before his match remarked: "He has the best pressure mark of the night." Ladd's reading was 122 over 82 and how's that for a 6-9, 315 pounder? . . . Bobo Brazil high on the popularity poll among Detroit fans . . . Midwest meeting of International Fan Clubs Assn. voted on Toronto as site for their 16th annual convention in July. A good choice as promoter Frank Tunney will most certainly roll out the red carpet.

Hell's Angels

POTPOURRI-- It was twin boys for the Bruno Sammartinos. The World Wide Wrestling Federation champion celebrated the happy event by closing the old Madison Square Garden and opening the new one all within the space of three weeks. Bruno named the twins Daniel and Darryl. He has one other child, David, now eight . . . Tony Pugliese returned from a big tour of Australia and is surrounded by marriage rummors . . . Gorilla Monsoon is also back from down under where he defeated everything in sight . . . Taro Tanaka is still vowing he'll beat Sammartino. "I am working on a new hold, which I won't divulge at this point," sneered the Jap star. "It's an ancient Japanese hold which is known as the Green Dragon." . . . Angelo Savoldi has called it a career. The veteran mat star was a credit to the game and he'll stay close to the scenes at the promoting end . . . Don't invite Killer Kox and Billy Lyons to the same party . . . Waldo Von Erich testing the Texas rings for size . . . The Brute has been teaming with Mike Paidousis . . . And what ever happened to Dr. Jerry Graham?

Back together again: Gentleman Saul Weingeroff and Kurt and Karl von Brauner. They're creating havoc down Texas way . . . Hard Boiled Haggerty, Harley Race and Mad Dog Vachone all have one thing in common, they want to lift Verne of his A.W.A. crown. As far as Gagne is concerned, they'll all get their chance in due time. "I am not worried about either one of them lifting my title," remarked Gagne. "I have much more trouble with the smooth, scientific wrestler than the dirty ones. I have my problems with any of the above. However, I've managed to stay one step ahead of them and their bag of tricks. You can always tell the dirty wrestler. He'll jab a thumb in your eye, stomp you on the throat or pull one of many illegal stunts. They don't have the athletic ability so they try to make up for it another way." . . . Cowboy Bill Watts is riding herd up Minnesota way and likes the action . . . Fearless Fred Blassie is back on the West Coast after an engagement in Japan and Hawaii . . . The Hell's Angels, a new tag team from the West Cost, have been racing their mctors in the midwest and making a lot of noise . . . Dr. X still remains a mystery . . . Versatile Verne Gagne teamed with Bud Grant in the 7th Annual open paddleball championships last February in Minneapolis.

(continued from page 29)
Germany and France never got along so it's a natural feeling. The resentment has run through the blood of all good Germans dating back to the fighting over Alsace-Lorraine which was German land. It was taken away from Germany and given to France. "The Americans have always been allies of the French. They are just as guilty. I have a natural hate for all Americans, too."

Von Raschke also had another serious altercation with the fans in a small Canadian town by the name of Three Rivers. He was matched against Edouard Carpentier and the bout never took place.

The surly German had taunted the large French speaking crowd. He began to challenge any of the local heroes who would dare to climb into the ring against him. He belted Carpentier with a sneak punch while the popular Gaul was waving to the crowd.

"I detected the French tri-color on Carpentier's jacket and I saw red," explained Von Raschke. "The fans tried to get at me but the police turned them away."

Von Raschke's Canadian campaign lasted about two years. It was a stormy period and Von Raschke has any number of scars to remind him of his battles.

One is a scar on his forehead that was put there by an irate Frenchman in a northern province of Quebec. As Von Raschke was going down the ring steps, he was hit by a chair. It busted his head open and it took six stitches to close the wound.

Another is a three inch scar underneath his chin. It was the result of being thrown into the ringpost by Rougeau in a Toronto match two years ago. Von Raschke was taken to a hospital where 10 stitches were administered. He also has a small scar on the middle finger of his right hand when a fan swiped at him with a knife. He quickly threw up his hand to fend off the blow and prevent a more serious injury.

Von Raschke also has a number of long scars on both his knees. He had his right knee operated on twice in Germany in 1963 and again in 1965 for torn cartilages. The first injury was caused when his opponent landed on him with a leg drop. The second was a result of a freak move when his knee was locked with that of an opponent and a quick twist tore up his knee.

His left knee was also a cartilage victim. Only the mishap occured while Von Raschke was in training in 1962. He tried for a suplex and missed and went flying out of the ring and landed on his left knee.

Actually, Von Raschke is a great believer in training. Because of his heavy ring schedule, he limits his physical condition to running with leaded boots every morning, six days a week. Sometime in the afternoon, Von Raschke does 105 pushups without stopping.

Von Raschke's American debut last September in Detroit was as memorable as his Canadian opener two years before. He quickly disposed of Jerry Maiburg, the match lasting about three minutes. In fact, Von Raschke's first five matches in the U.S. failed to last five minutes.

Von Raschke applies the Prussian Sleeper to Mark Lewin, as Bobo Brazil butts in.

"I take particular pride in disposing of the American challengers," fumed Von Raschke. "They represent a symbolism that I detest. All I can see is how rich Americans are . . . how fat they are . . . and how decadent their society is. I have never seen so much pornography as I have seen openly displayed on newsstands in every city I have visited. You never would find such trash in Germany. If any store owner displayed such books they would throw him in prison.

"Look around at that crowd outside and count the number of obese persons you see. They are all part of a degenerate society who eat and drink too much. This is the so-called American image?

"American people are not disciplined. They can't control their minds. That is why I win so much. I am highly disciplined. I was taught to obey and respect ever since I could walk. It was driven into my thinking and became a dominant trait of my personality. Remember, the German is part of a patriarchal society. The male is absolute.

"That is why I am supreme. I represent the power and strength of the new Germany. I must win, I shall win, I am ordered to win!"

Von Raschke was emphasizing a point. His face was crimson as he lifted both arms high into the air. By now the sweat was evident on his forehead. His face quivered and he snorted heavily as he stomped out of the room to the arena floor.

His presence brought a large chorus of boos. Von Raschke, proud, arrogant and pompous, looked straight ahead as he walked with a disciplined step.

"Dirty Nazi . . . Dirty Nazi," the crowd yelled. Von Raschke was ready to take on the whole house. . .

WORLD WIDE RATINGS

World Heavyweight Champion | W.W.W.F. RATINGS

Bruno Sammartino

1. The Butcher
2. Taro Tanaka
3. Bull Ramos
4. Hans Mortier
5. Sypros Arion
6. Gorilla Monsoon
7. Ed Carpentier
8. Dom DeNucci
9. Tony Pugliese
10. Vic Rivera
11. Earl Maynard
12. Luke Graham
13. Dan Miller
14. Gil Gordon
15. Miguel Perez

A.W.A. RATINGS

Champ: Verne Gagne

1. Maurice Vachon
2. Dr. X
3. Bill Watts
4. Hard Boiled Haggerty
5. Crusher Lisowski
6. Dick the Bruiser
7. Wilbur Snyder
8. Big Luke
9. Killer Kowalski
10. Reg Parks
11. Pat O'Connor
12. Doug Gilbert
13. Harley Race
14. Dutch Savage
15. Rene Goulet

N.W.A. RATINGS

Champ: Gene Kiniski

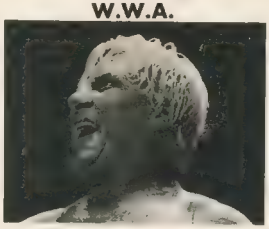
1. The Sheik
2. Fritz Von Erich
3. The Destroyer
4. Bill Miller
5. Mark Lewin
6. Baron Von Raschke
7. Johnny Valentine
8. Bulldog Brower
9. Billy Lyons
10. Lou Thesz
11. Danny Hodge
12. Bobby Shane
13. Eddie Graham
14. Sputnik Monroe
15. Johnny Powers

WOMEN

Champ: Fabulous Moolah

1. Penny Banner
2. Brenda Scott
3. Little Cloud
4. Toni Rose
5. Verne Bottoms
6. June Byers
7. Rita Cortez
8. Donna Christianello
9. Joyce Grable
10. Karen Kellogg
11. Cora Coombs
12. Georgia Brown
13. Millie Zec
14. Penny Brooks
15. Ann Casey

W.W.A.



Champ: Fred Blassie

1. Bobo Brazil
2. Ray Stevens
3. Bearcat Wright
4. Pedro Morales
5. Don Leo Jonathan
6. Seji Sakaguchi
7. Buddy Austin
8. Pepper Gomez
9. Rip Collins
10. Jerry Graham
11. Curtis Iaukea
12. Shag Thomas
13. Ricky Romero
14. Ciclon Negro

TAG TEAM

Champs: Hennig-Race

1. Bruiser-Crusher
2. Von Brauners
3. The Kangaroos
4. Poffo-Markoff
5. Miller bros.
6. The Assassins
7. Tolos bros.
8. Rivera-Perez
9. Carpentier-Rougeau
10. Von Erich-Von Raschke
11. Hawk-Hanson
12. Sammartino-DeNucci
13. Monsoon-Tanaka
14. Graham-Steamboat
15. Arion-Pugliese

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"Wrestling's been good to me. I travel, meet people—and the money's good, too."

(continued from page 13)
and socks."

It was a lovely suit. Pure Italian silk. Smooth, glossy, form fitting. It brought out the best in De Nucci, and the best is a sad, angular face, brooding brown eyes, black hair, and a slightly bronzed tint to his skin.

He was nearly a national sports hero in Australia, a country which produces more per ratio than any other in the world. His televised matches, seen weekly on Channel 9, had soaring ratings, displacing some of the finest imported goon-tube offerings from this country.

"The TV matches helped my career even more," De Nucci said. "They also made me more easily recognizeable wherever I went. That's what kept costing me clothes. I lost suits in Sydney and Brisbane, too. It got so I couldn't eat in public places, or, even go to the theater."

In desperation, Dom learned to cook himself. He drew his mother's recipes from memory. Today, he's an accomplished performer in the kitchen, too.

As for the theater, well unlike cooking, a man can't bring the theater into his home unless he's a millionaire. So, for this, Dom had to venture out. The results were often harrowing. There was the night Vincent Lopez and Louis Armstrong were co-headlining a big, brassy stage show. De Nucci, a beautiful Italian-Australian lass on his arm, attended. Spotted halfway through the first sketch by some spectators, he soon found himself surrounded. The commotion nearly broke up the show. Finally, the police came and escorted Dom and his lady friend out of the theater.

"I had to send my apoligies to Vince and Louis," said Dom.

By this time De Nucci and his management were résorting to various schemes to keep him out of the cluthes of the public. He started carrying pre-autographed photographs of himself. This permitted him to take care of his public on the street without having to stop.

"I found that when I stopped to sign an autograph I would quickly draw a crowd," he explained. "Then, I would be surrounded and couldn't work free. First thing you know, I start getting my clothes torn. This way I sign the photos very carefully ahead of time. When someone asks me for my autograph I hand him or her a photo and keep right on walking after a quiet smile, and a thank you."

The ploy works—sometimes. Mainly with the men. Not the women. They know Dom is still a very eligible bachelor. So, they accept the photo, but they also keep right on charging. Blessed with a fine Italian eye for the finest endowments of the female species Dom finds these lovely damsels hard to resist sometimes. Only sometimes.

He tries to carry between 50 and 100 photos of himself at all times. The idea was first started in Australia when the mail kept piling up, and threatened to put everyone out on the street. They were advertised in the newspapers and on TV. The response was astounding. The record week: 10,000 photographs!

De Nucci can't believe these things himself.

What spawns this electric empathy between wrestler and fan? You'll get a cross-section of opinions. But, primarily, it's because De Nucci combines his tremendous physical appeal with classic, easily understandable wrestling. He avoids dirty stuff, but quickly retaliates when fouled.

The two finishing holds he uses with a typical Italian flourish are the old airplane spin, and the Italian Rocking Chair. The latter usually follows the spin. Dom sits on his opponents neck, grabs his feet and pulls them back while rocking gently to anf fro.

"It cuts off the wind," he said. "But, you got to be careful. I use it to win, not to—how you say, maim?"

This invisible umbilical cord connecting De Nucci with the fans first manifested itself noticeably in San Francisco. The keen, practiced eye of Professor Roy Shire, the old wrestler himself, first recognized it.

"I also senses a certain star quality about the guy," the Professor said. "Some of us have it, some don't. It's the same in any sport. Dom had it. You could tell by the way people reacted to him when they saw him. What they saw, they liked. Hey, I said to myself, this guy is IT."

Shire, after a few De Nucci opening triumphs on the west coast, quickly matched him with his hottest box office draw, Ray Stevens. It was 1963. At stake was Stevens' Western Wrestling Alliance heavyweight championship. De Nucci and Stevens met six times—twice each in San Francisco, Fresno, and Sacramento. They pulled capacity crowds to all six. The two San Francisco matches drew a combined $94,000—$49,000 for the second match.

When the series ended, they had split the six matches, and two fans died from the excitement.

"That shook me," Dom said.

The fan deaths occurred in the second San Francisco match which Dom lost. As the last bell clanged Stevens hurled Dom out of the ring, then smashed him over the head with a chair. At the sight of De Nucci's blood, the crowd went wild. Police had to battle it for 15 minutes.

Out of the Stevens series De Nucci, as Shire estimated, emerged as a popular star. Italian-Americans, second generation offspring of the tidal wave of immigrants from 50 years before, identified with him. They weren't the only ones. Ethnic background meant little to most. The women thrilled to his courage. The males admired his techniques.

The offers poured in. Wrestling has a grapevine system that would put Western Union to shame.

De Nucci, accepting professional advice, chose a Pacific tour. It would take him first to Japan, and then to Australia. He opened in Tokyo, toured the islands of that nation for three weeks, was a reasonably successful hit, then moved on to what he found was to be his second home —Australia.

It was planned that De Nucci would tour for two months. Instead, he remained 14. It was impossible for him to leave. He was in demand, and Barnett wisely decided to meet it. Among the stars Dom wrestled on a continuing year-round tour of Dwon Under were King Kong, Killer Kowalski, Waldo Von Erich, Skull Murphy, Art Nelson, the ferocious Mongolian Stomper, and Ray Stevens, his old rival.

Dom was hardly off the airplane when he defeated King Kong, a massive 390-pounder, before 18,000 stunned fans in Sydney. De Nucci was an unknown Down Under. King Kong was a star, albeit disliked, and a winning one. Yet, despite a weight disadvantage of 130 pounds De Nucci scored a sensational victory. He flattened King in the first fall, was nearly squahsed in the second when his opponent sat on his neck, then took the third.

"When that man sat on me," Dom said, "I began to think maybe I should have stayed in Italy."

De Nucci changed tactics in the third fall to get his victory. Admittedly tired, he allowed King Kong to chase him rather than work the reverse. King Kong obligingly carried the match to the Italian newcomer for nearly ten minutes unabated. Suddenly, King Kong was tired.

Here, De Nucci went over to the attack. While the crowd roared, Dom finished him off with his patented airplane spin, plus the Italian Rocking Chair.

"When he tired, I knew I could win," Dom said.

A star was born. The next day Australian wrestling had a new idol, and the private life of Dom De Nucci was no more.

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Adding to the rapidly heating popularity was a sensational tour with Kowalski, reminiscent of the Stevens series in California. Dom and the Killer went at each other in Sydney, Brisbane, Melbourne, and Perth. Each drew sellout crowds, baskets of mail, and at least one new suit.

"I found it very hard to get my rest," Dom said. "The phone kept ringing when I should be sleeping."

So, he deserted hotel living for a private apartment. He won't say where it was. He intends using it again when he returns to Australia.

At the end of 14 months, with two straight successful tours behind him, De Nucci was recommended to Vince McMahon, the eastern impressario. Dom has been working for Vince the past year rolling up successes in New York, Washington, Baltimore, and other major points in between against the likes of Baron Sicluna, Don Sloan, Taro Tanaka, Hans Mortier, and Bull Ortega, to name a few. In the future, distant perhaps, is the world's title. Dom wants it badly.

"Then, I will know my dreams were true," he said.

The path away from the De Nucci family farm opened unexpectedly for young Domenico, the daydreamer. Prone towards soccer, as are most young Europeans, he got his first taste of wrestling in high school. It was part of a physical education course.

Domenico was quite successful in those early scholastic matches. Though he still considered the sport a hobby, he happily accepted an invitation to take a European tour with other outstanding Italian amateurs. In France a Canadian promoter named Jack Britton saw Domenico win a half dozen matches. Britton invited him to Canada, all expenses paid.

The idea appealed to Domenico for two reasons. One, he had a brother and sister living in Canada and the invitation would give him a wonderful chance to see them both. Two, he saw the beginnings of an unplanned career that might lead to the fulfillment of those dreams.

Parental permission was swift. Young De Nucci accepted Britton's offer and appeared in Canada against the Canadian Olympic heavyweight champion. These were tuneups for the Canadian Olympic team, and De Nucci embarrassed the heavyweight by defeating him.

Britton suggested a pro career, and with it his ticket to stardom. De Nucci accepted, went into training for six months, and then launched his career. The first six months were spent criss-crossing Canada, learning the new wrinkles of his sport. Then, De Nucci was shipped to England for three more months of apprenticeship. After that, as a fully qualified pro, he toured Europe for two years—appearing in his native Italy, France, Germany, England again, and back to Canada and on to San Francisco.

You know the rest. Include the Western Alliance title, and the South Pacific championship and you have the whole story of this remarkable young man. If there ever was a matinee idol in wrestling it's Dom De Nucci.

Does he still want to have it end where it started, back on the farm?

"Someday, maybe yes," he hedged. "My brother and sister still live in Canada, but the rest of the family is still back home. So, yes, maybe some day I go back to stay. I went back first in 1964 and my town honored me with an all day celebration. It was very touching. But, before I go back there remains much to do."

First, the championship. Then, a wife.

"I am in no hurry to marry," he said, "but, when I do she must be a good home girl who can cook. I'm tired of cooking my own meals."

Having so spoken, De Nucci checked his suitcase, counted 100 autographed photos, and then dressed for action.

Two hours later he was dashing through the Garden lobby, handing out photos, fending off squealing women, heading for a cab. He made it without the loss of so much as a hat.

That was one time De Nucci got off easy.

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Valentine takes the beatings, but keeps the Florida belt.

(continued from page 21)

But a man who is *severely* beaten is less likely to want a rematch. Pin a man's shoulders to the canvas, and he may come back and beat you a week later. His defeat may have taught him enough to give him the edge in a rematch. But if that week is spent in a hospital, the man will likely have second thoughts about a return contest any time soon.

If this is Johnny Valentine's strategy, and it would appear that it is, then perhaps fear *of a rematch* motivates the man. But this is hardly the sort of fear which renders a man weak and helpless. It is rather a reluctance to take an unnecessary risk. Ruthless as it is, this philosophy is effective, and Johnny Valentine is more interested in championship belts than in good sportsmanship trophies.

Fear in the normal sense of the term may be known to Johnny Valentine, but it is seldom exhibited. At this writing, John holds the Florida state heavyweight championship, a regional title of considerable importance which is recognized by the National Wrestling Alliance. Valentine has been known to defend this title once a week and oftener. Seldom has a prospective challenger's reputation made John reluctant to defend the belt, and yet he has already held it far longer than most previous Florida champions.

Fear is hardly the companion of a man willing to risk death or permanent injury by wrestling a live alligator, yet Johnny Valentine did just this by way of training for a match with Wahoo McDaniel.

"McDaniel is an Indian," Valentine explains, "and in Florida, the (Seminole) Indians entertain the tourists by wrestling alligators. I couldn't let it be said that an Indian could do something I couldn't, if it involved wrestling!"

Florida state law prohibits the killing of alligators, and John's opponent in this most unusual contest carried a rather high dollar value in its owner's estimation. Perhaps these things saved that worthy reptile from getting its neck broken; in any case, Mr. Valentine was able to subdue the animal without much difficulty, but big John was careful not to injure the beast.

Was Valentine actually seeking a valid,

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if unusual training method when he wrestled the alligator? Did he really believe that mastering the strong-jawed reptile would give him an advantage in the ring? Or was John merely trying once again to prove his courage—to others and, perhaps, to himself?

"My 'courage,' if you choose to call it that, is a fact," Valentine insists, "not something which has to be proven for my satisfaction—and certainly not for anyone else's! Courage is said to be a virtue, and I care nothing for being called virtuous. I prefer to think that I have a great deal of ability, reinforced by an insatiable desire to win. It is these things, rather than the amorphous attribute you label 'courage,' that count!"

Although he is not modest to a fault, Johnny Valentine, unlike certain others of his ilk, is not a supreme egotist. His self-assurance is actually the result of his own unwillingness to accept the idea that he might suffer defeat. He does not dress garishly, nor does he strut like a peacock on his way to the ring. he wears a tasteful, expensive-looking black robe with a red lining, but there are no ornamental effects, not even his name emblazoned across the back. He wears un-adorned black leather wrestling boots of standard design and conventional, solid colored or black trunks.

In his personal life, as in the ring, Johnny Valentine is a loner. He does not seek the companionship of others, either as friends or as tag team partners. In his younger days, he got into a few scrapes with would-be tough guys who annoyed him in public; but now he spurns such involvement, usually "melting" a would-be antagonist with an icy stare, rather than beating the man's brains out.

Wrestling, like any professional sport, is also a business. And when it comes to wrestling, Johnny Valentine is *all* business. For this reason he has, on occasion, seen fit to depart from his prefered role as a single. The popularity of tag team wrestling has virtually forced Valentine to accept an occasional tag team partner. The problem is finding someone willing to share a corner with this controversial figure.

Johnny Valentine has a way of being almost as dangerous to a tag team partner as he is to an opponent. On more than one occasion, John has become dissatisfied with a partner's performance and has turned on his team mate. This usually costs him a match, a fact which irritates him far more than the loss of his partner's good will.

"It is inconceivable to me that I should be charged with a loss because of someone else's stupidity!" says Valentine, by way of defending his sometimes unaccountable behavior in team matches. "I wrestle to win; therefore, anyone who stands between me and victory becomes my enemy. It makes no difference whether that man is an opponent or a tag team partner; if his actions stand to cost me a match, he will know whereof I speak!"

A man who once teamed with Valentine sees the situation differently:

"We had the match won, but Valentine refused to tag out with me and I got pinned. Then, while I was laying flat on my back with the wind knocked out of me, he stomped me half to death. I tell you, Johnny Valentine is nuts!"

"Johnny Valentine is nuts." An opinion, to be sure; but one that is shared by innumerable wrestlers and fans.

Fear is his weapon, victory his only objective. To say that he is misunderstood is an understatement; and yet this is perhaps the only way to rationalize Johnny Valentine's strange behavior.

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Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

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I don't care if You're Short or Tall, Timid as a Jack-Rabbit, or Skinny as a Rail! It makes no difference if You're 15 or 50, scared of your own shadow, or weak as a child! Even if you've always "Chickened-out", or gotten weak in the knees when someone challenged you—NOW I PROMISE YOU—

"YOU'LL OWN A FEROCIOUS, FEARSOME, CRIPPLING ARSENAL OF HAND POWER AND BECOME A "TERROR-FIGHTER" ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF—ANYTIME—ANYWHERE—IN ALL SITUATIONS—NEVER AGAIN—AS LONG AS YOU LIVE FEAR ANY MAN OR TURN FROM ANY CHALLENGE—THIS IN 30 DAYS . . . OR EVERY PENNY OF YOUR MONEY BACK!"

This is the only quick way to save yourself and your loved ones — NOW — with this once-in-a-lifetime offer. Rush in your order for my "Killer Karate Krusher" and receive FREE, my bonus "Killer Karate Secrets' — while this offer is still available to you. Put aside your fears—become an "Arsenal of Terror-fighting Power and FROM THIS DAY ON AS LONG AS YOU LIVE — FEAR NO MAN!

Slowly drawing your fingers together, you'll instantly feel incredible new Strength — New Power surging into every MUSCLE, TENDON, LIGAMENT of your hand — building Ferocious, Fearsome, Hand-Krushing Power for "1001" uses — **WITH YOUR VERY FIRST KARATE SQUEEZE!**

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I am enclosing 9.95 for your "Killer Karate Krusher" and "Killer Karate Course", with the understanding, I build a Fearsome-Ferocious FIST OF STEEL and master "Terror-Fighting" secrets in 30 days — or I will return both in good condition for full refund. (You Pay All Postal Charges).

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It's Here! It's Delicious! The new taste sensation "CRASH-WEIGHT GAIN PLAN" helps you drink on pounds...Up to A-POUND-A-DAY while you rest...Relax...watch TV. See measurable gains instantly and say goodbye to your skinny, undesirable String-bean body. NOW!

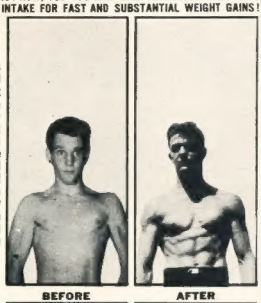
HERE'S LIVING PROOF IT WORKS—FAST!

USED WITH AMAZING RESULTS BY TENS OF THOUSANDS OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN FOR MORE THAN 7 YEARS! NOW, YOU TOO CAN TAKE THIS GUARANTEED WAY TO BUILD UP YOUR CALORIC INTAKE FOR FAST AND SUBSTANTIAL WEIGHT GAINS!

gains 18 pounds in 14 days!

The "before" photo shows how Larry Chamiel looked without the added weight he needed so badly. The "after" photo shows Larry 14 days after he started the **Crash-Weight Plan** and gained 18 pounds. He writes: "What more could a guy ask for? All I did was add 4 glasses of Crash Weight Formula #7 to my regular meals, follow Joe Weider's Plan and I gained a tremendous 18 pounds in two weeks!"

SHOULDN'T THIS HAPPEN TO YOU?



BEFORE AFTER

gains 14 pounds in 14 days!

James Parker of Ft. Worth, Texas writes: "It's Fantastic—I went from 158 to 172 pounds in 14 days. Gained 14 pounds in 14 days and added 2 inches to my chest. I'm more than satisfied."

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This is a 1-day supply of **Crash-Weight**, chock full of weight-gaining nutrients that can smash the weight-gaining barrier!

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NOW YOU CAN

JOIN THE WEIGHT GAINABLES! DRINK ON NEW POUNDS—FAST! SAFELY!

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You too can follow this amazing Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan and drink on as much as a pound a day...to help flesh out your bones...fill out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms, and spindly legs. Skinny people are undesirable...they look sickly. Say goodbye to your string-bean looks with this sensational new plan—NOW!

No more bloating yourself with rich, heavy foods to force-feed calories into your system. No exhausting, complicated exercises...just drink 4 delicious glasses of natural-organic Crash-Weight Formula #7 daily in addition to your regular meals. Follow Crash Weight Plan as directed in the free booklet and you can drink on (in delicious, milk-shake tasting form) mixed with usual household food ingredients up to 3500 calories along with your regular calorie intake. Then, take it easy... while you relax, snooze or watch TV...this calorie-packed weight-training drink and the Formula #7 Plan does all the work, piling on weight for you.

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Check one of the Plans below:

☐ 7-Day Supply of Crash Weight #7 Plan..$ 7.50
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Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla

NAME..... AGE....

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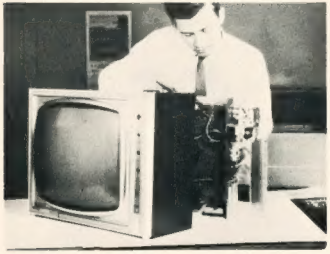
These Kits Make TV-Radio, Electronics Training Fast, Easy



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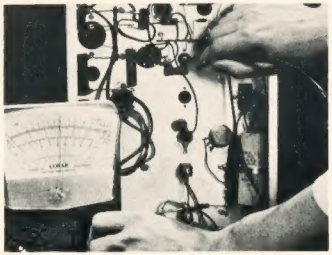

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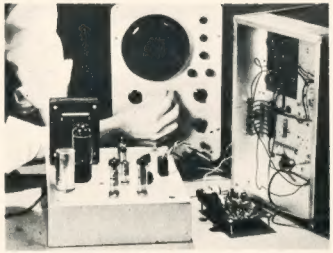
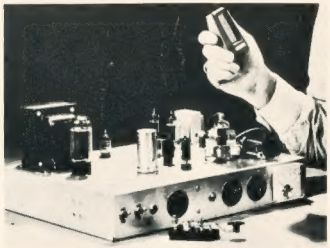


Build actual Computer Circuits. You can use them to solve simple math problems.



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H. C. ROBERTSON, Oroville, Calif., thinks NRI is just "tops." He has his own service shop, employs two men full-time, two part-time.

R. L. WOOD, Fargo, N.D., got his FCC License as part of his NRI training and is Master Control Engineer with KXIB-TV.

A. R. TOWNSEND, Topeka, Kan., is a missile officer at Atlas ICBM site; fixes radio and TV sets spare time.

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